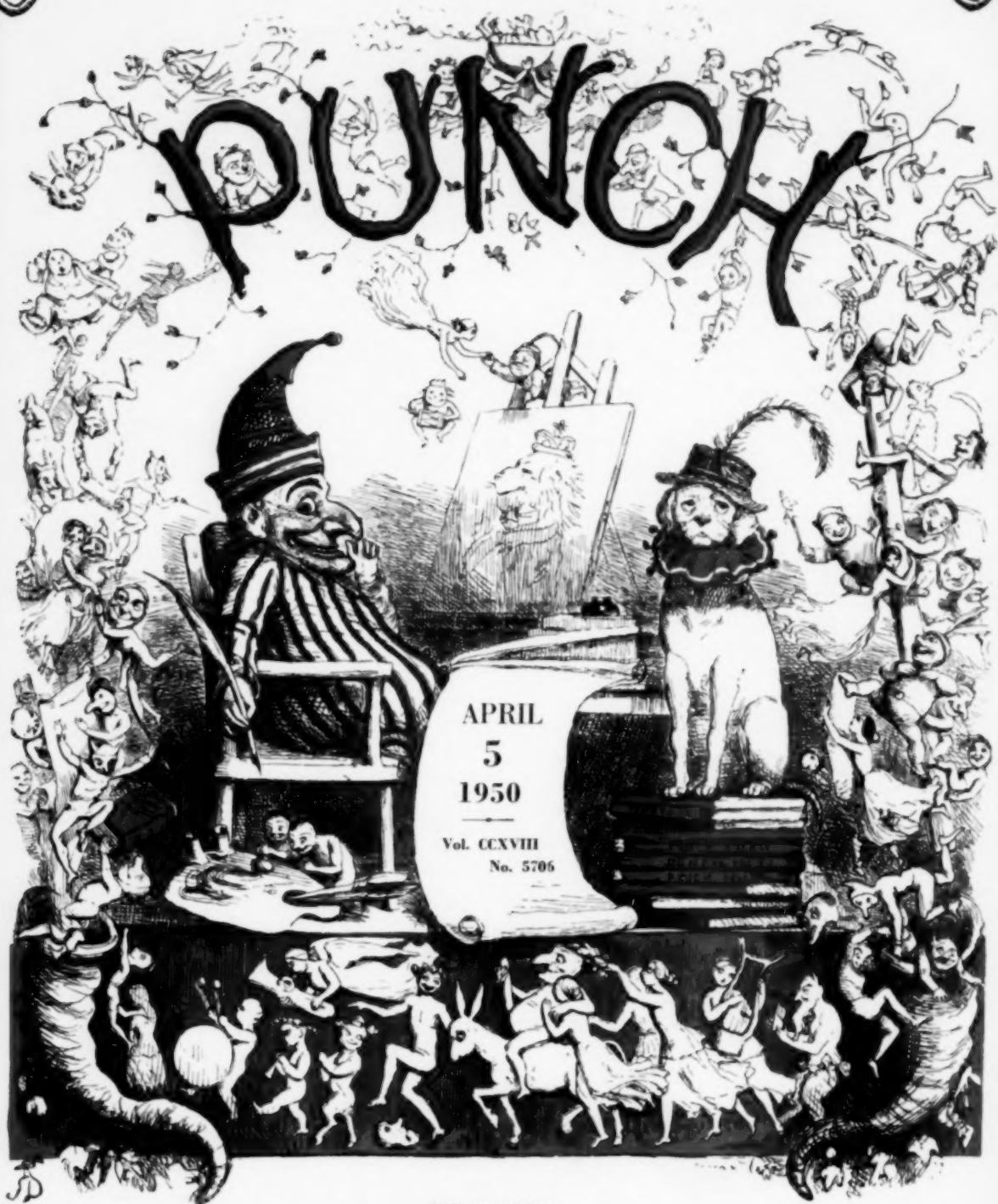


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The new Rover Seventy-Five

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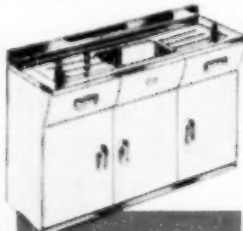
English Rose

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

How lucky you are to live in an age when kitchens can be planned, like this. Why add shelves and tables at random when ENGLISH ROSE provides the entire kitchen, designed to save time, energy and your looks. Handy cupboards hide everything from dust and dirt; air conditioning removes all trace of cooking and steam. Floor cabinets, gas cooker, refrigerator, domestic boiler, all of perfect working height, and stainless steel sink—in which even the reluctant family will enjoy washing up—

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Send today for the booklet which fully describes the ENGLISH ROSE KITCHEN.



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In addition to the V60 illustrated, there are the V50 single sink with left or right hand drainer and V70 with double sink and double drainer. Like all other ENGLISH ROSE units they are made of aluminium and stainless steel.

FEATURES INCLUDE

- ★ Sink fitted with special anti-splash rim.
- ★ Sink and drainer sound deadened.
- ★ Toe piece running entire length of units.
- ★ Garbage container can be supplied for fitting under sink.

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Remember - Quality has made
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P.753.A



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Stove-enamelled finish for durability.
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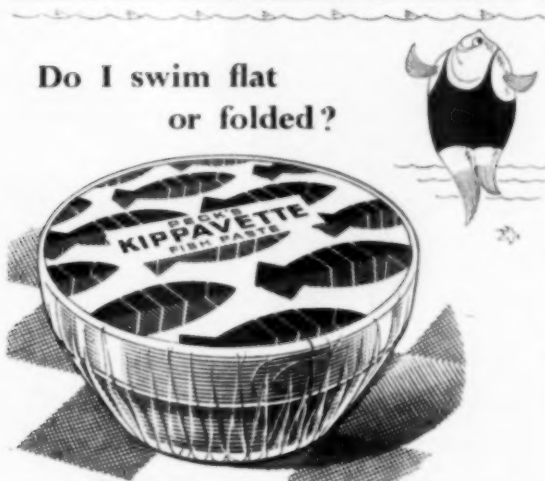
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Sole Manufacturers: **QUALCAST LTD., DERBY**

FOR THIRSTY YOUNGSTERS



CLAYTON'S ORANGE SQUASH
Delicious Thirst Quenching Price 2/6



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or folded?

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French masters shape up to their art
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That a VOTRIX and Gin can impart.*



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**BOOTH'S
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BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
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STETSON

The world's most famous hat

NOW THAT SPRING is coming just take a look at your hat—everybody else does—and if you decide that you require a new one, you cannot do better than try one of these world-famous STETSON HATS (now made in Great Britain). There is a style to suit you, and a colour you will like, whilst the quality and appearance will make an immediate appeal to your judgment of just how a good hat should feel and look.



ROYAL QUALITY 46/-

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New Styles—
*but the old unhurried care
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Fitting—real fitting—demands training and skill and a great capacity for taking care. Is care worth while, these slap-dash days? At a Saxone Shop we know it is—that's why we begin by measuring both feet.

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Footprint
Fitting

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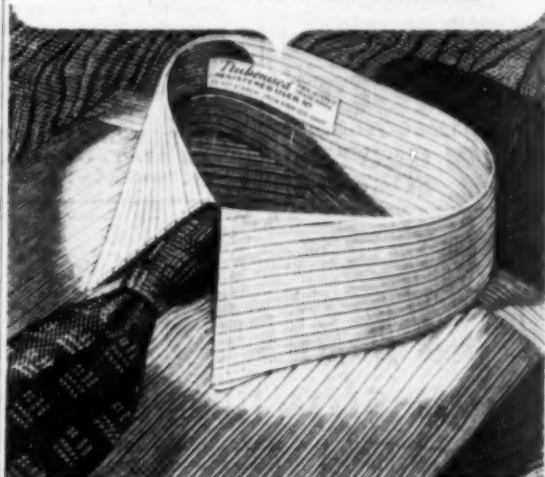
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The French Alps... smooth lakes scintillating in the sunshine... deep verdant valleys cradling silver streams... views over Europe's highest mountains breath-taking in their magnificence.

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Ladies Brown Ghillie Brogues

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THE
WINDAK "SPORTIE"

A most delightful sports blouse, at a most modest price.

Washable! It is made in permanently rain-resistant

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our new Department
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French and English furniture •
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We know our patriotic part
Living and learning it by heart:
But, oh, we get so sick
of sackcloth
for a backcloth.

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

Keep your face
young...



Field-Day contains
Glycerine, so giving a
speedy shave with maxi-
mum after-comfort for the
most tender skin.

**A FIELD-DAY GLYCERINE SHAVE
DOES NOT TAKE IT OUT OF THE
SKIN—IT PUTS SOMETHING IN**

...with a glycerine
FIELD-DAY
Brushless Shave



ALSO IN
TUBES

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD—ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS



I thought it was in
dock, Dick?

"Oh, that was yesterday: I've had a fresh
engine put in."

"But you can't get an engine changed
as quickly as that!"

"You can with Ford Service Facilities.
What's more, I've got an engine straight off
the production lines at Dagenham, tested
and guaranteed to the same standards of
efficiency as the brand-new job and it cost
me less than a rebore and general overhaul."

IN MOTORING—
most for your money means

Ford



CHARIVARIA

For three months this summer the value of petrol coupons will be doubled and they will be worth their full face value instead of only half. There is no prospect of the same thing happening with pound notes.



1

"A dog, alleged to be ferocious, which bit a woman in Alderney recently, was given another chance by the Court last Friday."

"Guernsey Evening Press"

Jolly sporting.

It was stated in Parliament that large craft on the Thames may be used as floating hotels to accommodate American visitors this year. Guests intending to push the boat out will be closely watched.

A warning notice on factory premises in north-west London reads: "Trespassers May Be Prosecuted." You can't be certain of *anything* nowadays.

"The Do's And Don'ts of Democracy" is the title of a recent pamphlet. All the same, it is only wishful thinking to hope to start on any of the Do's before we have worked through the Don'ts.

"We can all become far greater men by not becoming hidebound or relaxing into the snare of utter specialization."

*Report of speech in
"Confectionery News"*

There's nothing like curling up in a snare with a good book.



2

Socialist tenants on a Swindon Corporation housing estate object to the blue paint chosen by the Corporation for redecorating their front doors. Up to the present local Conservatives have nobly refrained from criticizing the colour of fire-engines, pillar boxes, telephone kiosks or telegraph boys' bicycles.

A British dramatist plans to take out American naturalization papers. There *must* be an easier way of getting his new play on in the West End.

A dealer in *objets d'art* offers for sale a "Suzuribako, finely decorated in Ritsuro style, probably by an eighteenth century Kajikawa with a Bugaku hat with details in ivory, pearl, green pottery and red lacquer on a gold cloth-mesh panel, the whole on a brown ground with coloured pomegranate scrolls at the corners, gold Karakusu on edges; with inkstone and lacquered mizure shaped as a Shō; Ranoyo mask on inside in raised colours." The practice of merely writing the initials on the band came later.

The Church Speaks Out

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT HELL IS?
COME AND HEAR OUR
NEW ORGANIST."

Notice outside a Toronto church



3

Jostat.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

I WILL arise and go now, and change the goldfish water,
And scrape the Stockholm tar off my son, and the liquid glue off my daughter,
And see the man from the Planning, who is planning to seize our field,
And chop some kindling, and feed the ponies, and get the potatoes peeled:
But why, I sometimes say to myself, as I meet the fish off the bus,
When we have to be everyone else as well, do we go on being us!

It's time to dig the celery trench, and it's time to stoke the boiler,
One of the hens has a stolen nest, and it's time for me to foil her,
To scrape the carrots, and count the washing, and meet Aunt Maud at the station,
And wheel her suitcase up in the pram, and attend to her conversation.
But why, I irreverently ask myself, as I do the flowers in the church,
Do we not start passing the baby after all these years in the lurch?

Wait while I mend the garage door, and clean the pig-sty through,
I am booked for a passage of arms with the stove, there's something stuck in the flue,
There's a seething row in the village, and they've both appealed to me,
Whatever I say is sure to be wrong, and I haven't yet laid tea;
What folly, I often think to myself, as I scrub the larder shelves,
When we've signed as nannie and cook and char to go on being ourselves.

O the wireless sings of a privileged class that works an eight-hour day,
There are golden tales of free week-ends, and of holidays with pay,
Of women skilled as foremen, and the glorious sums they fetch,
And it makes you kind of wistful, when you've worked a ten-year stretch,
With a seven-day week, and a day that lasts for sixteen hours or more,
It makes you kind of puzzled, as you polish the drawing-room floor.

5 6

HAT MONEY FOR CIVIL SERVANTS?

I NEVER quite know how you work it out, really," Mrs. Morris said wistfully, folding the ten-shilling note I had given her into a wad the size of a postage-stamp and thrusting it into her bosom.

"Basically," I told her, "it's half a crown an hour for two hours for two days a week."

"That's what I supposed," Mrs. Morris admitted, "but you can't ever tell, can you? What made me wonder, I was reading in the papers where it said about some people getting a bit extra for boot money."

"Boot money?"

"That's right. Sounds silly, don't it, when you say it, but that's what it was. It was in the paper you always buy for lighting the fire, that big one with all the small ads on the front page." From the unplumbable depths where she had stowed the ten-shilling note she extracted a grubby little bit of *The Times* and handed it to me. "I tore it out to show Ted," she explained.

Bermondsey Council, I read, had decided that council foremen

and gangers should be compensated for wear and tear on boot-leather by the issue of boot money at the rate of one penny per hour.

"I'm not saying," Mrs. Morris reassured me as I handed the cutting back to her, "as you ought to be giving me no boot money, mind, but I wanted Ted to see it, because when you come to think of it I'm not so sure he's being treated fair."

"But Ted isn't a foreman, is he? Or a ganger?"

"No fears," said Mrs. Morris.

"Then—"

"Well, this is how I see it," she explained. "An ordinary working chap, say in a factory, he just sticks at his machine or whatever it is, so his boots don't get wore out, not unless he's one what can't keep their feet still. You hear them in the pictures sometimes, scrape, scrape, scrape the whole blessed time."

"I know. They're maddening."

"Anyway, what I was saying, the gaffer, he goes wandering about poking his nose in everybody's business, so he makes holes in his

boots, see, and serve him right if you ask me. Well, Ted now, he's a night-watchman, and that means he has to walk round the whole blessed factory every night I don't know how many times."

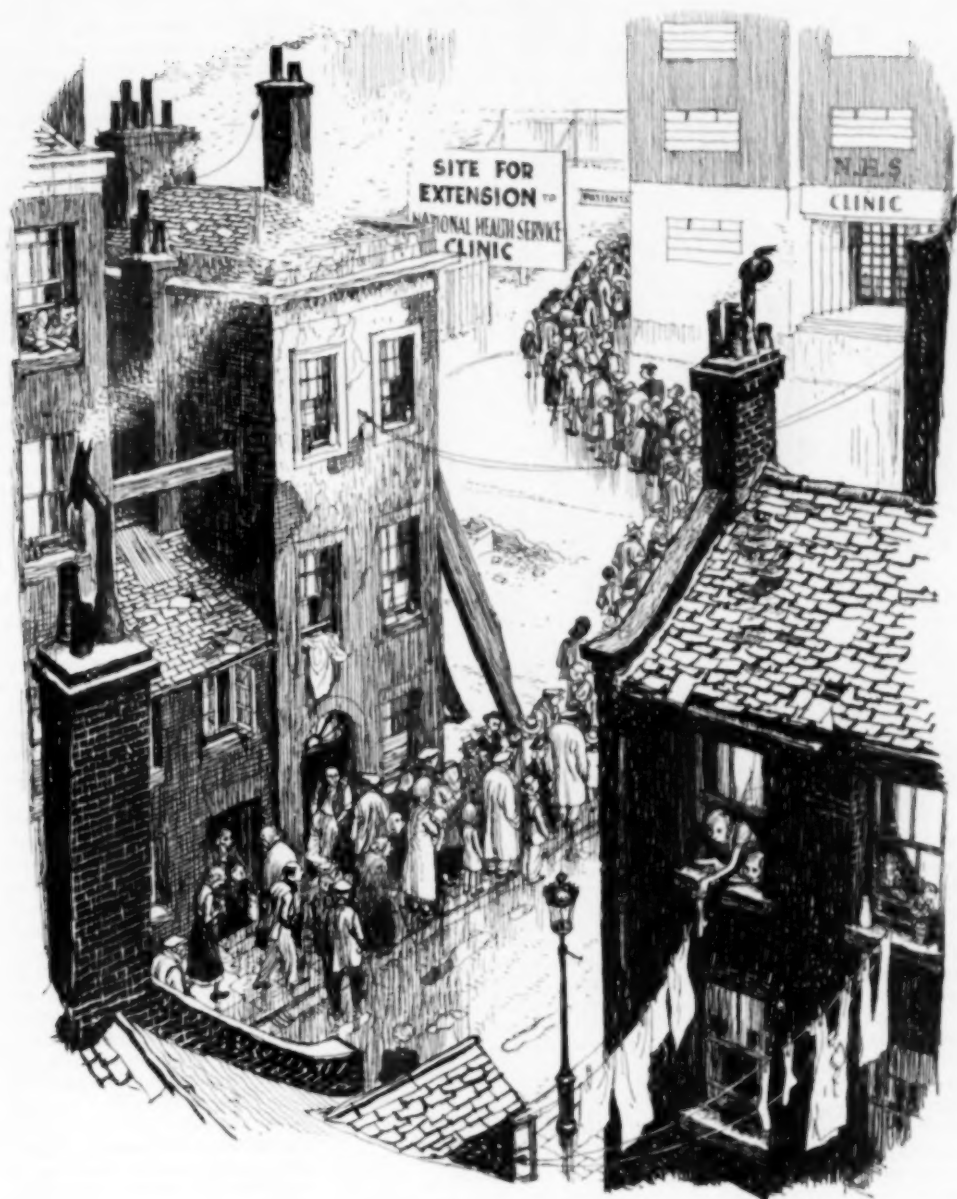
"I'm sure," I said, "he ought to get masses of boot money."

"Course he ought. But then it don't end there, neither. He can't be walking round the factory the whole night, can he, Ted can't, so they give him a little chair in the room where he sits, to sit down on like. Well, that's going to wear away his trousers, ain't it? Sitting on a hard wooden chair like that half the night he's going through the seat of a pair of pants before you can say Nye Bevan. See?"

"I certainly do."

"So, ask me, he wants a bit of trouser money on top. Come to that, I don't see why you shouldn't put in for a bit of that too, sitting in that office of yours all day. There's no trousers'll stand that for long, not nowadays there ain't."

"And then trousers ain't the



PREVENTION IS BETTER . . .

(Estimated additional expenditure on National Health Services for 1950—£129 millions
Proposed reduction in expenditure on Housing for 1950—£24 millions)



"We had a lot of trouble getting it."

same as boots, if you see what I mean. You can't go on sticking new bottoms on them every couple of weeks."

"Surely," I protested, "even a foreman or ganger doesn't want his boots mended every couple of weeks!"

"Looks like it, don't it!" Mrs. Morris said. "Penny an hour; that's four bob a week, not counting overtime; new soles and heels once a fortnight. Proper jammy, you ask me. But you can't do that with trousers, say what you like. Got to have new ones. And with that suit of Ted's you won't get another pair to go with his jacket, so that means a new jacket and all. It's like you was saying just now when we was talking about the ten bob."

"What was I saying?" I asked suspiciously.

"Well, what I mean," Mrs. Morris said, peeping at me speculatively and fingering the stain that was made when she broke my port decanter, "once you get started on that sort of lark you don't know where it's going to end, do you?"

"I do know one place," I told her firmly, "where it definitely is."

B. A. YOUNG

§ §

Brumas

THE time to cuddle me is short,

Although I'm soft and fat,

For mother bites till I'm four months old,

And I bite after that.

368

LEFT LUGGAGE

"DO be careful with my blue hat-box," Edith told me on the telephone. She had gone for a long week-end on Thursday, leaving me to follow on Friday—with, of course, the baggage.

"I know something is going to happen," she went on. "Last time you left the portable radio on the rack and the time before you left your camera under the seat, and these things always happen in threes."

I said I didn't see why it should necessarily happen to her blue hat-box, but Edith said she just had a feeling that it would.

Personally I think the idea that things happen in threes is sheer nonsense, and I determined to prove this to Edith by arriving with the full quota of luggage. To this end I made a detailed list before I left the house, and checked it over carefully on entering the taxi, on leaving the taxi, on passing it over to the porter at Padderloo and on taking it from the porter and arranging it in my selected compartment. There was the portable radio and my golf-clubs and my own suitcase, three little suitcases belonging to Edith, my best suit that had arrived from the cleaners at the last moment and was wrapped in brown paper, and the blue hat-box.

I was glad to find that the compartment was shared by four clergymen, because with clerical stipends at their present level few clergymen can afford to lunch on the train, which would mean that my luggage would be well guarded while I was in the restaurant-car. Sure enough, just before the first lunch was announced they took four packets of sandwiches from their bags and settled down to a quiet munch.

In the restaurant-car the service was rather slow, and I got into conversation with the man sitting opposite to me at the table. Retired policeman, he said he was, who had specialized in tracking down confidence tricksters. He yarned entertainingly about them through the thick soup, the railway pie and the prunes and custard. I did not realize how long I had been sitting

there until I looked out of the window and saw that we were approaching Pierford-on-Sea.

"I must get back to my compartment," I said, "and collect my luggage together. You have made me quite nervous with all this talk of crime, but luckily I chose a compartment full of clergymen, so the stuff will be quite safe. . . ."

He laughed.

"How do you know that they were clergymen?" he asked. "Confidence tricksters know that the clerical collar inspires trust, and they often adopt it as a disguise."

The train was drawing alongside the platform by this time, and I hurried along the corridor, only to come up against a locked door. I had a horrible mental picture of the four clergymen streaking down the platform carrying off my luggage.

I leaped out of the train, almost into the arms of Edith, who had come to meet me. There was a big crowd on the platform, but I grabbed her by the arm and started to fight my way against the stream towards the back of the train.

Then I got a shock. There wasn't any back of the train. When it had left Padderloo it had been a long train, but half of it had been dropped off at the junction. And in that half were the four clergymen and my luggage.

We telephoned the place to which the rest of the train had gone, and a couple of hours later we recovered everything except the blue hat-box, which I remembered that I had taken along with me to the restaurant-car for safety. The ticket-collector remembered seeing a man with a black moustache passing the barrier with a blue hat-box. Curiously enough the man I lunched with had a big black moustache.

D. H. BARBER

Another Serious Leakage

"Ottawa, Wednesday.—A defence conference, attended by Canadian, United States, and British experts in radar, gas, Arctic, psychological, and other forms of warfare, opened in Ottawa to-day. It was so secret no one would even say where it was being held."

"Daily Mail"

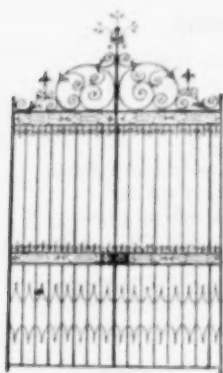
SPRING SONG

LOVE comes to everyone in the Springtime,
Even to those who do not know what to do with it,
Who can find no hands to accept it,
No feet at which it can be laid,
Consumed, ravished by the sun
They run restlessly through the clouds of daffodils,
Their hearts catching at the larks in the sky
To bring them earthwards for a beloved's feast.
And if there is no beloved, no tender eye
To stare into the eye drunk with love's libation,
They love themselves, and with splendid gestures
Buy themselves costly gifts which they carry home in
their arms.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM



"I've seen him on the films many times, but this is the first time that I've ever seen him in person!"



Chapel Gates
King's College Cambridge

UNDER A SPREADING WALNUT TREE

THERE was no whistle or hooter to release the men from their labours. At about ten minutes to one o'clock a young apprentice clamped down his forge, pulled on his jacket, climbed on to his cycle and pedalled out of the shop. There was no sudden "downing" of tools, no frantic rush for the door: the smiths, farriers and fitters went on hammering until they came logic-



ally to the end of a chapter in their day's work. Then they turned down the corner of the page and went off quietly to look for food.

Old Tom kept his fire bright, and began to make deliberate preparations for the midday meal which he would eat, as usual, in the warm glow of his forge. First, he stuck a bar of iron into the red cinders; then he cleaned the face of his anvil with elbow grease. When his eye and finger-tips were satisfied

with the surface he took slices of bread from his coat-pocket and placed them carefully on the cold metal. Then he withdrew the red-hot iron from the fire and rolled it slowly across the rounds of bread. The bread immediately became toast. Next he took slivers of cheese, disposed them neatly on the toast and once more applied the magic rod. Toasted cheese, golden brown and appetizing! The entire operation was so methodical that old Tom, glowing beneath his honest, blacksmith's duskiness, looked like some master chef from the infernal regions. And suddenly I remembered how difficult it is to fit bread of adequate thickness into my chromium-plated electric toaster.

The sixteen men



who work at the Village Forge at Send, in Surrey, are all Old Toms in varying stages of development, though none of them smokes a pipe with quite his fierceness and persistence. A few are well on in years, craftsmen to the tips of their sinewy fingers and infinitely proud of their skill. The rest are journeymen and young apprentices who struggle to achieve the economical precision and know-how of the ancients and to discover trade secrets that are kept well hidden up sleeves.

I am told, much to my surprise, that there are still something like three thousand blacksmith's shops in Britain, though very few are as large as this one. Most are one-man businesses, mere token smithies that have managed to survive in a world geared to transport by steam locomotive and petrol engine. Indeed, many of them are merely petrol filling stations housing a rusty anvil and a fireless forge, while others thrive as repair depôts for agricultural machinery and shoe-

shops for horses. The smithy that stands under a spreading walnut tree at Send is not quite in the Long-fellow tradition: here the repairs and shoeing are minor tasks ancillary to the business of contriving and supplying handsome ornamental wrought iron in the form of gates, screens, grilles, well-heads, balcony rails and smaller products such as weather-vanes, fire-screens, lanterns, boot-scrapers and fire-irons.

Two powerfully-built displaced persons, late of the Polish cavalry, attend to the farriery and about twenty equine customers a week. On our hard, metalled roads horses wear out their shoes faster even than small schoolboys, usually within



a week or two, so most of the customers of the village forge are regulars who know exactly what they want. They get a new set of shoes, scientifically fitted, for as little as fifteen shillings Reasonable.

In the main building of the forge a dozen smiths make the gates and screens for which Send is noted. Each gate is a fitted assembly of wrought pieces—bars, scrolls, curves, prickets and so on (I didn't quite catch the rest)—and for every one of these units there are dozens of traditional patterns. The curves, for example, are as varied, almost, as those in nature and each has its special name (cavetto, scotia, congé and ovolo come readily to mind) which is ignored by the blacksmith. But the scroll—ah, the scroll!—is unquestionably the most popular motif in all forging. It is made by beating the end of a heated bar into a tight curl, hooking it to the centre of a "scroll form," a prototype scroll, and bending and hammering the two into conformity. I helped to produce a simple scroll. My job was to bend the bar of metal by walking round the vice with the tongs in my hand until I reached an old chalk mark on an adjacent bench. There are no micrometer adjustments in smithying: hand and eye are considered to be accurate enough measuring instruments, and with these experts undoubtedly are.



Later, when no one was looking, Old Fred wrought me a cage-handled poker; but I will not weary myself with the problem of transposing the intricate processes of his craft into words. The final product was a thing of great beauty, six strands of iron spiralling to form the handle, and a rod with a business end stout enough to discourage any burglar. I carried it home unwrapped and tried to look like someone returning from a handiwork class at the Evening Institute.

One thing I quickly discovered about a smithy—that metal need not be bright red to be atrociously hot. Experienced smiths can take chances, for their horny hands never blister, merely sizzle and smoke like a horse's hoof when the fiery iron is applied. Old Tom—I think it was Old Tom—told me that he can suffer cuts a quarter of an inch deep without drawing blood. Blacksmiths' sons must find life very painful when the paternal hand is raised in wrath against them.

"Do blacksmiths play at pitchin' horseshoes?" I asked, as a great mound of footwear caught my eye.

"Mostly," said the fitter, "they read the papers after dinner."

Only one thing upsets the honest smith—that his work should sometimes be confused with cold ironwork.

iron bent and shaped without forging, stuff not worked or wrought.

He regards it as inferior and shoddy, especially when it is described as wrought iron. And I am bound to agree with him; the curves and scrolls in cold ironwork lack fullness, delicacy and finish.

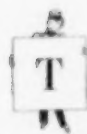
According to a highly authoritative American text-book on the subject (*Wrought Iron in Architecture*, by G. K. Geerlings) "It must be granted to the credit of English iron work that it maintained a higher general average and national



individuality, from the eleventh to the nineteenth century, than did that of perhaps any other country." This is good news indeed. And even better news is that the ancient craft is picking up again. But why did it ever languish? Was it because the boasted wonders of steel made iron seem old-fashioned and unfashionable? Or was it that the nightmare designs shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851 killed off all interest in wrought iron except for the horseshoe over the door?

Happily, wrought iron is durable, so that we have many well-preserved pieces from the past to add to our fine new ones—new ones like the gates at the north entrance to King's College Chapel at Cambridge, which were wrought by the craftsmen of Send. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

AT THE PICTURES

Guilt is my Shadow—Dancing in the Dark

THE first eight minutes of *Guilt is my Shadow* (Director: ROY KELLINO) are very promising. In that time not a word is spoken, but a situation is established in such a way that one's attention is held closely, and one's eye is pleased; and this even though the devices used are familiar and the same incidents and action have often before been arranged to evoke the same sort of response. The point is that they are here arranged with imagination, and acted and photographed with skill; so the feeling of suspense and interest is created, as much by the simple behaviour of a man as he comes into an empty room in a farmhouse as by the ostensibly more gripping glimpses of his flight from the police to get there. This man is the selfish, conceited, callous and criminally inclined nephew of the farmer, and PETER REYNOLDS makes a very good job of the part (the publicity

that tries to build him up as a sort of fiend in human shape is quite off the point, which is that the character is unpleasant but credible). His wife (ELIZABETH SELLARS) appears, and in a struggle kills him; from then on the picture traces the results of the unwise decision of the farmer (PATRICK HOLT) to help her to hide the truth. This might easily have been a heavy, brooding, intense trudge through the Cold Comfort Farm country, and some writers seem to suggest that that is what it is; but for me it came off. The detail of West-country farm and village life is cleverly used to decorate the story, and the mood throughout is alive and stimulating. All three principals are good; the camera-work is often beautiful. An unpretentious, small-scale film, quite well worth seeing.

Dancing in the Dark (Director: IRVING REIS) is a large-scale film of considerable pretentiousness; it is worth seeing for the performance of WILLIAM POWELL, who has the time of his life in the part of an unpopular, ill-natured ex-movie-star with a nice line in rhetorical sarcasm. It can be highly entertaining to hear a man who has some feeling for words being deliberately rude (many of the classic anecdotes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries depend on this fact), and the story is so contrived as to give Mr. POWELL opportunities of being rude all the time, in carefully rounded phrases, to everybody in sight. The plot that forms the framework for these exercises in offensiveness is very slight and at bottom sentimental; but when, besides Mr. POWELL, there are songs and dances, and elaborate spectacular concerted numbers, and behind-the-scenes flashes of Hollywood life and work, and it is all in Technicolor, why worry about the plot? Songs and dances and concerted numbers notwithstanding, the piece is no musical; they turn up as incidentals to the making of one, just as in *It's a Great Feeling*, with which this has

other points of resemblance. Of course there is a girl who wants to be a star, and becomes one: BETSY DRAKE makes her a most charming and appealing figure. The Hollywood studio authorities are as usual presented as harassed, ill-tempered figures of fun. But it is Mr. POWELL's picture: quite an unimportant one as a work of art, but made with very great competence, and an enjoyable piece of entertainment.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The London shows include a good new musical, *On the Town*. The chances are that many of the others will change for Easter, but *Au delà des Grilles* (29/3/50) and the impressive American war film *Battleground* (22/3/50) are probably still to be found.

This week's list of releases offers nothing very inspired; it seems an occasion for reminding you of some earlier ones. Don't overlook *Intruder in the Dust* (8/2/50), *Twelve O'clock High* (22/2/50), or *Pinky* (7/12/49). RICHARD MALLETT

*[Dancing in the Dark]*

Nocturne

Emery State—WILLIAM POWELL

*[Guilt is my Shadow]*

Mephisto Minor

Jazzie—PETER REYNOLDS

FROM THE CHINESE

The Scribes

THE statesman
Li Hang Chung
Speaks bitterly
Of the scribes
Who write on the public tablets,
Giving the people
The history
Of things said and done.
All that he says,
Shouts Li Hang Chung
(For he is unable
To say anything
Without shouting).
Is twisted by the scribes,
All that he does
Is unjustly recorded,
In malice
Or reckless error.
It is not the scribes
Of whom the statesman
Complains most bitterly
But their master
The wicked Hi Ho:
For he it is
Who compels the scribes
To twist the truth
And record unjustly
The sayings, the doings,
Of Li Hang Chung.
The statesman,
Much though he suffers
From the scribes,
Has not done badly
In the battle of life.
Born of humble parents,
At the age of four
He was made to dig
In the salt-pits.
It is not known
If he dug well,
For he did not dig
For very long.
At the age of five
He was found
To have the gift of words,
And became the voice
Of the diggers,
Telling the people
Of their poverty
And wrongs,
For which the diggers
Kindly rewarded him.
Moreover,
As he is fond of saying,
He is in all ways
Superior
To the sons of rich merchants
Who spent long years

At places of instruction
And never dug
In the salt-pits.
Now he is a statesman,
Beloved by many,
And the doctrines
Which he whispered
At the age of four
Are accepted
By the multitude.
"It is well,"
Says the scribe Ching Fo,
"But how could all this
Come to pass
Without the aid
Of the scribes
And the wicked Hi Ho?
Who would have heard
Of Li Hang Chung?
How could the multitude
Receive his doctrine,
But for the scribes

Of the wicked Hi Ho,
Patiently recording
His sayings
And doings!
What would he have said
If the scribes
Had made no mention of him?
Gratitude,
It is well known,"
Says the scribe Ching Fo,
"Is as rare
As a fish in a forest:
But every morn,
As Li Hang Chung
Rises
From his rich bed,
He should give thanks
To the scribes
Who write on the public
tablets,
And the wicked Hi Ho."
A. P. H.



"Can't draw up a couple of feet out
without them standin' there in bunches glarin'
at me . . ."

EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY

ONE of the nice things about being a parent is that when your children are of an age to read their little coloured picture-paper you can read it too; and whatever else the word nostalgia means, it means this experience. Most children are, so to speak, hereditary readers of the paper their parents buy for them. It is not a question of politics, it is the chance at last of seeing if Ronnie Rhino and his Merry Chums are still eating those iced queen-cakes with cherries on top, and still tobogganing downstairs, four to a tea-tray.

Ronnie Rhino and his Chums or Hop, Skip and Jump, the Troublesome Triplets, are the aces of their particular papers. You find them on the front, swinging from the title and spreading down the page, which is printed in six primary colours. Or perhaps there are really only three primary colours overprinted, but it would take an expert to sort them out. Parents can but guess from the way the more subtle colours are dotted and overflow into apparently component hues. Anyway the effect is fine.

In this happy world the sun wears a smile and bicycle-spokes, the sky is a blue so Mediterranean that it has to be whitened off round the houses, or you would hardly see them. The trees are green bice; the earth orange, with red and yellow patches and a tendency to big, smooth, white pebbles; the houses are as many shades of crimson as underdone beef. A simple architecture prevails: roofs like hats, big sensible chimneys, fat walls with little windows, and a water-butt to fall into.

And the sea—ah, the sea, the

sea! as the Greeks cried when they got to it in Xenophon. The sea is as blue as the sky, as flat as a board. Jellyfish, starfish, boiled crabs and lighthouses fringe it to an extraordinary degree, while its surface is dotted with tiny slap-happy sailing-boats. They must be slap-happy not to mind the perpetual calm and the constant threat of pirate frigates. However, no pirate frigate in this world ever pretended to be anything else. You can tell one anywhere by the knotted bread-and-cheese handkerchiefs on the heads of its inmates.

When Ronnie Rhino and his Merry Chums put on knotted handkerchiefs it means that they too are pirates. They are about to set off in a half-coconut of a rowboat to attack the real pirates, who have sighted the white cliffs of Winkle Bay at twenty feet through a telescope and are putting in for a breather. But below their handkerchiefs the Chums, intrepid animals that they are, wear their full school uniform—coats, short trousers, collars and ties. On an August day it makes you hot to see them. And if the Troublesome Triplets are known to their public by their scarves and little round hats, then they will wear these scarves and hats at breakfast. Quite right, too. Their public is made up of sticklers, as every story-telling parent knows.

These coloured picture-papers, these extra thicknesses shaken out of the adult folder every other Wednesday—they knew their public when they decided on that formula of glorious sameness which, parents deduce, has been in force these thirty years and more. Way back in the first World War little mice with huge buttons to keep their trousers up were painting jellies on cardboard and displaying them in their windows to infuriate the hungry passer-by—as often as not an ostrich with huge buttons to keep his trousers up. Fairies in ballet skirts, with stars wired to their foreheads, were hopping on to scholar-badgers' desks, and by the mere touch of a stick of barley-sugar enlarging an exercise-book

into a tent. Or reducing a tent to an exercise-book; it would depend on what the badgers needed more.

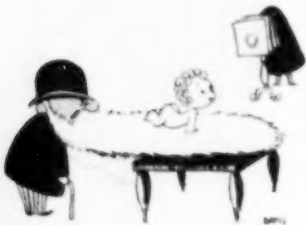
Meanwhile, across the page, fox-terriers in Norfolk jackets were falling flat because they had seen a face chalked on a balloon. Cats in striped pyjamas were pouring jugfuls of water over other cats in striped pyjamas, drenching them to the fur but having no effect whatever on the drenches' eyes, which remained great white discs with a black dot in the middle. Elephants were getting their faces round iced queen-cakes with cherries on top, at their elbows a tuckbox crowned with a pineapple and behind them, towering in the doorway, Dr. Tabby.

I need hardly remind a parent that life is not lived strictly to scale in these papers. A pig, if he collects the school fees (which presumably include boarding during the holidays), may terrorize a horse. "Gracious," cries the jungle herd as the books fall off the door, "Mrs. Sheep!" But it is a feature of the ruling classes of this world that they are swift to forgive their subjects. They have to be, because space is running out. And by forgive I mean get the better of. The conspirators have only to fall into a bath or steal a dummy jam-tart to earn an official hand-out of iced queen-cakes and half-holidays.

But life is not all tiny crowded pictures. There are the stories—the boy conscripted into circus life; the Saxon children with only a charcoal-burner between them and the dungeon; the Indians; the desert islanders; the Mystery of Holmwood Grange. And there are the tricks and the riddles. Tell your chum that it is because the people there prefer Cowes to Hyde, and hit him smartly over the head with a cotton-reel threaded on wool from Mummy's work-box. Then run away. Ha, ha!

And if there is anything about these little coloured papers that brings back a parent's youth more than *Then run away*. Ha, ha! does it is the maintenance of the rule that every character in them should to a man, or an elephant, stand with his legs bent.

ANDR





SPRING COMES TO HAMPSTEAD HEATH



"Any more for the Roman Villa . . . ?"

CONVERSATIONS IN UPPER THAMES STREET

Making a Speech

"I'VE got to make a speech to-night," George announced, glumly.

Thorn set down his cup carefully and gave a small cough.

"Making a speech," he began, "is child's play. I have made them up and down the world for thirty years past—very often the same one—and the secrets are few and simple. Begin very loud to frighten them, and then very soft to make them listen. Tell them something they don't know, in a serious voice, and then mention the name of any prominent person in politics or public entertainment to make them laugh. Then say this is no time for trifling. Another thing is, don't say you've nearly finished: finish as abruptly as you can and sit down suddenly. I did that once at Northampton and caught my right-hand neighbour and my left-hand neighbour leaning over behind my back to sneer. Not everybody has sat simultaneously on the heads of a baronet and a suffragan bishop."

"I've always wondered what those were," admitted an errand boy.

"Difficult place to get to," one of the Midland Region drivers said. "Sometimes it's change at Kettering, other times it's Wellingborough, and if you go the other way there's a place whose name I forget with a canal."

"I hitch-hiked to Leicester once by canal," Thorn said. "It took me four days—but that chap was a fool. Every time the horse sat down he used to say 'Poor Edgar's tired,' and there was I due to play the 'Emperor Concerto' on the Friday at one of the biggest working men's clubs in the North Midlands. And, of course, this fellow had nothing better in the boat than a harmonium. I can tell you, I finished that trip by tram."

"Another thing," said George, "when do I bow—when he says my name or after they clap?"

"Never be premature," Thorn counselled. "Better

to bow too late than too soon. I remember when the chairman said once how pleased they were to have a distinguished pianist with them to-night, I blushed very red and felt a fool, until I noticed four other chaps fumbling with their left ears, or shuffling their toes and going very red. Then I learned the important truth that most people aren't looking at you, they're thinking about themselves."

"And which of you five played the 'Emperor Concerto'?" Irma asked. "Was it a race to the piano?"

"The occasion was an International Chess Convention," Thorn said with some dignity.

"I suppose he's a bishop on sufferance, like a probationer, like?" said the errand boy hopefully.

"It's the size of his parish they go by," said someone else.

"A suffragan bishop," Thorn explained, "as his designation implies, is the prelate of a subdivision of a regular diocese. It is all explained fully in my dictionary on page 2071, but I quote from memory."

"They can excommunicate you," the errand boy said, "and you go to Hell."

"And do I have to stop when the chairman says?" said George.

"You will tire long before he does," Thorn affirmed.

"I had a chairman once who absentmindedly kept on saying when I sat down 'I now have great pleasure in calling upon Mr. Thorn to say a few words.' It became farcical; I told them all the stories I knew, called for sterner efforts and all that, quoted Swinburne, Shakespeare, and three lines of Anon, and finally got them community-singing. But it was a strain. And then afterwards he said to me, 'Old man, you spoke well, but far too long.' That was the Commercial Travellers' dinner."

"What they used to call bagmen," one of the older men observed.

"Fancy going everywhere by train and your fare paid and all and stopping in hotels!" said the errand boy.

"We get them in here sometimes," Irma said. "Coffee, the better class ones ask for, but I don't bother with them. If they want coffee, I always say, let them go where they got it from last time, I ain't never seen them in here before."

"But you serve coffee," said a taxi-driver, "there's a bottle of it there behind the pickled onions."

"Certainly. Fred often has a cup. But it's the principle of it I don't like, thinking themselves a cut above tea with their rolled-up umbrellas. What I say is, a family business is a family business and you serve who you like, same as you can have sawdust on the floor if you want to. Since Pete's opened up the street we've lost about six coffee customers just because he's got lino."

"Don't you worry, Irma," said several people.

"Pete's Belgian buns are always yesterday's," George consoled her "and he doesn't get a decent Nelson in the place."

"A good Nelson makes a café, I always say," one of

the drivers remarked. "I doubt if there's six good places for a Nelson between here and Newcastle."

"Oddly enough," said Thorn, "the first speech I ever made was at Newcastle, before a suffragan bishop. I was moving a vote of thanks to a man who had given a lecture on Nelson."

"That takes a bit of swallowing," George said.

"So does a Nelson," Thorn reminded him.

"But what is a Nelson?" asked one of the American tourists, looking up for a moment from his pictorial map of the city.

"A Nelson is all yesterday's cakes and bread and pastries boiled into a thick mass with currants and a bit of peel, and left to set like india-rubber into a cold, puddingy slab. Then it's cut into chunks about four inches square and two and a half thick and put like a sandwich between two thin slices of short pastry. Then it's eaten," said Henry.

"It's formless, indigestible, disagreeable and dull," said Thorn. "So was my speech," he added.

To a Lady in the Underground at the Rush Hour

Of us, squashed, squeezed, bad-tempered, tired, half-dead,

You (in the world of Sterne and Fanny Burney)
I honoured most because you stood and read
"A Sentimental Journey."



"Dear Sir—this is the sixth time I have written for an appointment to have my eyes tested. As yet I have had no reply."



AMONG THOSE ABSENT

The Boat Race

IN touching on several baffling aspects of the Boat Race I shall pass lightly over what to me, reared in a Midlands town not rich in navigable waterways, was for some years the most baffling of all, namely the foolhardiness of the contestants in covering the course backwards, never considering that the river behind them may be as choked with shipping as the river in front of them (for "in front" read "behind," and vice versa, if you are one of those who think of the crews as going forward when the reverse is actually true); I do not make very much of this point because I now know that this irresponsible practice is common to all oarsmen, except for a few courageously unorthodox old men who stand in mid-dinghy facing the bows, pushing where others would pull, and giving the distant observer a pleasing impression of trying to do the splits on stilts.

Two other puzzles remain as insoluble as ever. The first has a geographical flavour. As a man who lived in London a long time before being able to reach any part of it without starting from King's Cross station I admit to an imperfect sense of direction; but even the most flattened bump of locality rejects

the notion of Harrods' being situated on the Surrey shore of the Thames. Yet there it is. Read the newspaper reports, follow the sinuous map of the course with care, and you will find this small exiled corner of Knightsbridge tucked away among the distilleries, saccharin works, soap factories, breweries and all the other landmarks annually gilded with the glamour of

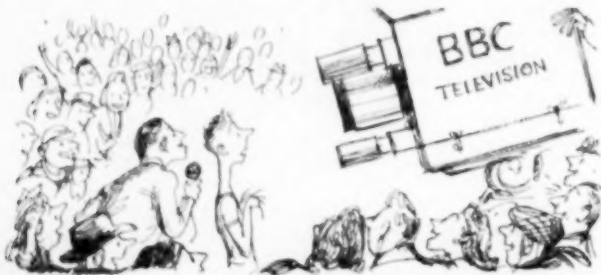
The flavour of my second perplexity is political. What, I ask in all earnestness, is the plain man to make of the information, given with frustrating baldness in all well-annotated Boat Race literature, that W. H. Waddington, who rowed for Cambridge in 1849, later became Prime Minister of France? If this is true—and authorities solidly unanimous on the weight of the



publicity, somewhere between the Star and Garter and Crab Tree Reach. (As a marginal note—In the vocabulary of the true Blue such words as "Brewery," "Steps," "Wall" and "Doves" have only one interpretation; when the rowing correspondent of *The Times* writes of "the Football Ground" he means Fulham's, and expects no one in the English-speaking world to misunderstand him.)

Oxford Stroke in 1897, or the time to the second in which Cambridge reached the Soap Works in 1859 (adding with one voice the melancholy footnote, "Cam. sank") are unlikely to err on a matter of international significance—what can the explanation be? I am completely at a loss. The presence of Mr. Gladstone's grandson in the 1950 Oxford boat may seem at first glance to have some vague bearing on the phenomenon, but a moment's thought shows that no comfort is to be found there; had Mr. Gladstone's grandson been rowing for the Sorbonne this year some plan or pattern might have been discernible, some cycle of events, however eccentric; as things are the plain man must simply try not to think about it.

Let us turn, then, to the contest of Saturday, April 1, when London in its thousands lined the banks of



London river, each agitated by a vehement partisanship born of loyalties too obscure for diagnosis. Little did they realize, those holiday crowds, how lucky they were to see a race at all. I realize it, however, and for two cogent reasons.

First, it was little short of wonderful that the Eights ever reached the river. My researches have revealed many strange facts; I do not refer to the early bickerings between rival presidents over the choice of dates, boats and courses, or the wranglings by the dons about the admissibility of professional watermen as helmsmen and coaches—differences of opinion which more than once caused the fixture's cancellation—nor yet to Oxford's uniform in the first, or 1829, race (black straw hats, striped jerseys and canvas trousers); I even gloss over the fact that in 1898 Cambridge were only kept afloat "by the bladders under their seats," a device no doubt legitimate enough if Oxford had bladders too, but suggesting a sad lack of assurance. No, my point is that probably no other sporting event so nearly fails to take place each year as the University Boat Race. The struggle to produce the required number of participants makes the Saturday morning efforts of a cricket secretary to form a second eleven mere child's play by comparison.

To the man on the bank the crews appear as models of young British manhood, lean and supple, the acme of physical fitness. In reality they are nothing more or less than a couple of boat-loads of old crocks. From the moment training begins—and over a century of Boat Race historians will bear me out—they are remorselessly dogged by accident and disease: no sooner has the crew been selected than Stroke gets peritonitis; within twenty-four hours of his replacement Six breaks his leg and Four goes down with



jaundice; by the week before the race there isn't a single member of the original crew remaining, and the crop of dislocated shoulders, sprained backs, mumps, quinsies and shingles crowding itself into the last couple of days is nothing short of astounding. It is only the recognition by the Presidents that these afflictions are as much a part of Boat Race history as Dr. Warre's short boat used by Oxford in 1901 (when they won by two-fifths of a length, but whether of their own boat or their opponents' is not recorded) which gives them the courage to go on year after year trying to get a couple of crews on the water at all—that, and an undying resolve to win this other, grimmer battle between human frailty and the very Race itself.

Secondly—and if my arguments sprawl somewhat the reason is soon to be made apparent—it was little short of wonderful (in my view) that the *crowds* reached the river.

My own problem, in the task of furnishing you with a stroke-by-stroke report of the contest, was the choice of vantage-point. To travel in the Press launch, distracted from the details of the scene by the chatter of Old Blue journalists about blade work, stride and length, or Oxford's powerful lift off the stretcher, did not appeal to me; yet to take my notebook to a single point on the bank could afford only

a passing glimpse of the proceedings. I am never afraid to ask advice in such circumstances, and it was at the suggestion of an acquaintance with a certain reputation for quiet humour that I decided to watch the race from Barnes Bridge, discovering too late (at about 12.30 p.m.) that only platelayers and other employees of the railway were allowed to do this. The ticket collector at Barnes Bridge station directed me obligingly on to a train from Waterloo, with the assurance that if "old Arnold" was driving he would certainly stop on the bridge if there was anything to see down below. Either there was nothing to see or old Arnold had gone down on the day of the race with mumps, quinsies or shingles—because we crossed the bridge at forty miles an hour, reaching Hounslow punctually at 1.4 p.m.

Here, propped against the shuttered bookstall, I have done my best for you; I shall pause on my way to the printer to ascertain that the race was won by

Cambridge

and must leave Mr. Punch's Artist to add any circumstantial details. Unless, that is, he has also made the mistake of seeking directions, on All Fools Day, from an acquaintance with a certain reputation for quiet humour. J. B. BOOTHROYD



LES DREAMS DE MA TANTE

By Smith Minor

IT is a long time since I have written anything in *Punch*, and longer still since I have written about my aunt, but something so extraordinary happened to her lately that I thought you might be interested. Anyhow you'll know before long whether you are or not, and if your not, well, one can always stop.

I have several aunts, but the one I mean is the one people think a bit queerous, and mind you I think she is, too, because to menshun only six reasons,

(1) the color purple gives her heecups.

(2) she sneezes with a whistle.

(3) when she sees a new moon she taps her nose four times, once for each quartre, I think she is the only one who does it.

(4) she calls her parot Gerald Brown, not knowing why.

(5) she'll shoot you a question and fall asleep before you've answered it.

(6) she's sorry for snails.

But then, you can't get away from it, I'm a bit queerous, too, wich is properly why I like this aunt so much and always go to see her when she asks me (a) to chear her up, I seaming the best at it, or (b) to hear her latest dreams, we having a sort of arrangement that if I listen to hers she must listen to mine.

When it's "(a)" I generally read *Hamlet* to her if we can't think of anything else, she saying that to hear me read *blanque verse* would get anybody out of his or her gloomb, but this time it was "(b)" in fact you might almost say it was "(b)" with a vengeance, because one cuold see something was up the moment one looked at her.

"I say, are you all right?" I said.

"Are you?" she said.

"Why shuoldn't I be?" I said.

"You'll know soon," she said, and then she asked me if my dreams ever came true.

"One hopes not," I said.

"What did you dream this morning?" she said.

"A Red Indian was going to use

me as a nutmeg-grator," I said. "What did you dream?"

"Well, I've got to tell you about three other dreams first," she said.

Ordinerly we wuoldn't of called this fair, our rule being only one each at a time, though they can be as long as they like so long as you don't cheat, wich mind you we never do, but becouse of the state she was in I let it pass.

"The first was about a little black cat that walked into the room just as I was having tea," she said, "and it did."

"Did what?" I said.

"Walk in," she said.

"That's what you said it did," I said.

"Well, it did," she said.

When we thort we saw what we meant, she went on,

"The second was that Gerald Brown had escaped, and when I came down it had, now don't say had what, Gerald had, for the cage was empty, and where do you think it had got to, the postman brouht it back from the top of the pillow-box."

"Do you mean that's what you dreamt?" I said.

"And what hapened," she answered. "I dreamt it first and it hapened afterwords, like the cat, only the pillow-box wasn't in the dream, have you got it?"

"Not quite but nearly," I said. "What was the third dream?"

"That the parlor floor had turned black," she said, "and when I came down it was covered with soot."

"Well, wuoldn't that of come from the chimney?" I said.

"It had come from the chimney," she said, "but why did I dream of it?"

"I see," I said. "It gives you a nasty feeling."

"I'm afraid this morning's dream is going to give you a nasty feeling," she said.

"What was it?" I said, getting ready.

"You had come out all over purple spots," she said.

"Oh," I said. "Well, anyhow, I haven't."

"Have you looked in the glass?" she said.

"My hat," I said, and looked, and I hadn't.

Now, in a way, I almost wished I had, becouse this was the only time in the whole of her 79½ years that I'd ever known her to be unkind, and I had to say, meaning it, "I never thort you'd do a thing like that, Aunt."

"Nor did I, dear," she answered, "but I'm not quite myself to-day, I thort it might make a little lauh, I'm sorry."

That made me sorry, so I said, chearfully, "That's all right, and anyhow, as I haven't got any spots, we needn't worry, wich is a good thing for you, too, becouse if I had I'd start you heecuping!" (See "(1)").

"Yes," my aunt then said, "but in my dream you didn't get them till twelve o'clock, it was striking, and now it's only five minutes to."

"Oh," I said.

That made it a bit grimm!

Now what wuold you of (1) thort, (2) done?

What I thort was, "If those other dreams weren't coyndinees, and I can't think of a way out, I'm for it."

And what I did was—well, I said to my aunt "Was I with you when the clock struck twelve, be quick, we haven't much time?"

"Of corse you were," she said.

"Well, I won't be this time," I said, "so that'll make one thing diferent," and I hoofed it out of the house as fast as I cuold.

I was seven blocks away before I heard a clock striking twelve. I felt jolly funny while it was going on, but when it was over I went up to a policeman and said,

"Am I all right?"

"Why not?" he said.

"Then I must be," I said, and went back to my aunt.

We were both so jolly releaved that she gave me 3/6, and now none of her dreams are coming true any more, wich is a lucky thing, as in the last dream she had a yellow elephant was juggling with us!

AN EX-MOTORIST REMEMBERS

WHAT with the petrol pump that would not pump
The jack, hydraulic, that would never jack,
The metal slivers lying in the sump,
The leaky gasket, and the utter lack
Of suitable equipment in the back,

The missing spanner and the punctured spare,
The dynamo that failed to give a spark,
The thrice-retrofitted showing signs of wear,
The lights that always worked till after dark,
The fenders that were salvaged from the Ark,

The gauge that lied, the battery that leaked,
The fuse that fused—and O that nameless Thing
That in our nameless innards sat and squeaked,
The leaves that failed untimely in the spring,
The joyful rattle from the flapping wing;

What with the scavenging of lifeless plugs
(The only things were ever truly oiled),
The endless journeys to the well with jugs
What time the radiator staunchly boiled;
What with the broken fan-belt, tightly coiled

Where never fan-belt ever coiled before,
The knocking crown-wheel shedding tooth by tooth,
The sudden chasm yawning in the floor
Below the yawning passenger—in truth,
Much torment have we suffered in our youth.

Yet by some secret mystery it went,
Somehow we reached the corners of the land,
We travelled from the Kyle of Torquay to Kent,
And it was third, and fifth, and seventh hand,
It worked, but how we did not understand.

We were in Surrey when the dawn went up
And half the way to Sutherland at dusk,
We filled the battered aluminium cup
At noon from Medway, and at eve from Uxk;
We rose in Bute and slept in Stalling Busk.

And never ration-book our pockets graced,
And never coupon did our wallets know,
We looked from Cemmass on the rolling waste,
And saw the sun rise over Ben-y-Gloe,
And it was good; and it seems long ago.

R. F. LINTON



THE MAN AND THE FILM



THE woman read the words out from the poster in the street. "POIGNANT RECORD OF A NATION CRUCIFIED." She seemed to be attracted. "It ought to be good."

The man seemed slightly disgusted. "What's come over them? They used to say their pictures were stupendous. Now they say they're poignant, and searing, and if they can also claim they're TRUE that seems to represent to them the end."

The woman continued on her course, unchecked. "There's a wonderful picture on next week. About poverty."

The man muttered the last word after her. "Poverty."

The woman entered into explanations. "It's after the war, in Italy. The—"

The man went about to exorcise new demons. "You mean this picture's in Italian?"

"Yes."

"But I can't understand Italian."

The woman did not seem to think it mattered. She continued with her recommendation. "The first scene shows a crowd of unemployed. They're waiting about outside the town hall, hopeless, when an official sort of person comes out with some papers and says he's got a job for one of them."

"Good," the man commented. "Thank heaven for a bit of cheerfulness."

The woman restrained him. "But it isn't good at all of course. To get the job he has to have a bicycle." She cemented the cornerstone into the structure of misery. "And he hasn't got a bicycle. It's been pawned to buy food for the family, you understand."

The man was beginning to show

signs of rebellion. "If I were offered a job," he threatened, "and my bicycle happened to be in pawn I reckon I'd find a way to get it out, on the strength of the wages I'd be getting from the job."

The woman reproved him. "Nobody would be interested in your horrid little expedients. This couple, the man and his wife, take the sheets off all the beds, and pawn them. And when they get to the pawn shop," she continued, "they show you shots of hundreds of sheets which all their neighbours have had to pawn too."

"You mean all their neighbours have been offered jobs as well?" asked the man.

The woman ignored the intervention. The man sought to re-establish himself. "Well, anyway, the man gets the job, doesn't he?" he pleaded with her.

"He gets the job, yes," the woman answered, with deliberation. "But then"—she spoke in consciousness of the dramatic effect of the words—"he loses the bicycle."

The man buried his face in his hands, and remonstrated with her. "No!"

"Yes. And the rest of the picture is taken up with the efforts he makes to find it, see!"

"Can't he go to the police station?" the man suggested.

"It isn't just lost," the woman explained. "It's stolen. You actually see the thief take it. There isn't going to be any chance of anybody handing it in."

The man searched desperately round for ways of escape. "But the police help in cases like that, surely, don't they?"

The woman invited heaven to be a witness of his ignorance. "You



should see how the police treat you in Italy when you're poor."

The man clutched at straws. "But he gets it back in the end, I suppose?"

"Gets it back?" the woman retorted. "Of course he doesn't get it back. It would spoil the picture if he did."

The man said, "It would?"

"Yes, of course it would. No. He goes all over the town looking for the bicycle, and there's one absolutely awful scene where he actually steals another bicycle himself."

"He does?"

"Yes. But, of course, he doesn't get away with it." She continued on her way, with satisfaction. "He gets caught by some men, and they knock him about, and they only let him go in the end because the one he's stolen the bicycle from is so sorry for his little boy."

The man seemed overwhelmed. "Don't tell me there's a little boy in it as well?"

The woman was pitiless. "Yes, there is. Well, it makes it all the sadder, of course, when you see the effect of these dreadful things on the little boy. And the last shot," she concluded, "honestly, it absolutely tears you to pieces."

The man summoned what reserves remained to him, to face it. "It does?"

"Yes. The camera shows you the man and the little boy walking back through the streets to their home. You know the mother's waiting for them, and you know she'll be hoping they've been successful in their search. Suddenly the man seems completely to give up hope, and his eyes as you look at them (they give you a chance to) are filled with tears. The little boy looks up at his father, and you see him slip his small hand into the big

one." She rummaged around in her bag for her handkerchief. "And that's the end," she concluded.

The man was silent for a minute. "Will you tell me what's the point of it?" he asked.

"The point?"

"Yes. Was there a box outside in the lobby, for pennies, to go to help the Italian poor?"

"There was a bicycle in a glass case," the woman admitted, "and some figures about how many bicycles were stolen last year. It was an advertisement for a firm selling padlocks. But I shouldn't think that's what it was made for." She convinced herself to the contrary. "No. It was the *artistry* of it, that's what it was. It was the

acting. It was the *photography*. It's been given all sorts of awards, anyway," she concluded, as if that decided any matters still at issue. "It told you so at the beginning of the picture."

The man delivered his judgment. He said, "I shouldn't be surprised."

"Darby and Joan Club were entertained on Monday by Mrs. C. Standley (pianist), Mrs. Brocklebank, L.C.M.P.A. of Grimsby and Mrs. Cooper (soloist). The organists were: Mrs. E. C. Sawyer, Mrs. Tudor Evans and Mr. J. H. Gregory, who were assisted by the 30th detachment which included Mrs. Perian, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Merrikin, Mrs. Graves and Mrs. L. Richardson."

Lincolnshire paper

Scrumming one day at the organ...

A MARINER'S DREAM OF GIDEA PARK

MANY a landlubber lives in Gidea Park,
Has his soft kip and never goes out after dark,
Greases no grumbling engine and fears no shark.

Sprinkle of drizzle he knows as wild, wild weather,
Bound to his roads he is like a goat to a tether,
Trots up and down the pavements on thin shoe-leather.

Happy is he that dwells in a semi-detached,
Commonplace man with his commonplace wife, well-matched,
And two or three children, towy and tousel-thatched.

Give me only a garden to spade and hoe,
Flowery potatoes and raspberry-canes in a row,
And ten minutes' walk from the road where the buses go.

Buses are beautiful, scarlet and smooth they be,
Run up to town and never run down to the sea,
And a life in Gidea Park is the life for me.

R. P. LISTER



AT THE PLAY

*Detective Story* (PRINCES)

ILLY nilly, from films and railway reading, most of us have a working knowledge of the ways of American police, but still it remains a bewildering experience to find oneself in the thick of their activities. Mr. SIDNEY KINGSLEY's *Detective Story*, which is playing to packed houses on Broadway, is interesting, judged as a serious documentary. To those who have penetrated the statesmanlike calm of a British police station differences will be apparent. Instead of looking, as ours do, like butlers on their half-day, the detectives who mill in and out seem, in both lingerie and demeanour, to have stepped off a ranch. Another thing is lack of privacy. While a girl who has lifted a handbag is being patiently interrogated, a shy lawyer orates on the principles of liberty, a newcomer has his fingerprints taken and a defiant cat-burglar is persuaded to talk, with a stick. Into this grim but, on the whole, kindly pantomime burst old ladies with persecution mania and

gentlemen whose pockets have been hacked out in the subway. Watching it all is the Press, its hat on the back of its head.

Inset into the documentary, which when necessary becomes a still-life, is the decline and fall (with two bullets in him) of an able detective, *McLeod*, whom unhappy childhood has left a hysterical fanatic. This part of the play is theatrically emotional and at times almost embarrassingly sentimental. No police force, one feels, would tolerate such a man for five minutes. Mr. DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY plays him quite well, but often inaudibly; and indeed only a few of the large cast of Americans and Canadians appear conscious that those at the back of the house also want to hear. And, though Mr. DAVID GRAY manages his background cleverly, an added weakness in his production is that some of the most important action takes place in a corner where much of it is invisible.

On the credit side are vigour in the writing and acting, and a number of ripe sketches of character. Miss HELEN BACKLIN is touching as *McLeod's* wife, and Mr. CHARLES FARRELL's *Lieutenant*, Mr. MICHAEL

BALFOUR's Saroyan journalist, Mr. ARCHIE DUNCAN's avuncular detective and Miss DIANE BILLINGS' loopy shoplifter are vivid and good.

I shall be surprised if London really takes to a piece so diffuse and unbalanced, yet there is much in it I liked. The fact is that the trimmings of American law are far more picturesque than ours. Just as the informality of an American court lends itself more easily to drama than the cool understatement of the Old Bailey, so these cattle-rustling cops are in themselves more readily dramatic than our own. In any case our convention, a most unfair one, is to make stage policemen either ponderous or wildly farcical (a habit the film "The Blue Lamp" may correct) in the same way that stage maids have to be so sadly funny. American crime authors have livelier stuff to work on, and make the most of it. ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

RING ROUND THE MOON—*Globe*—Fascinating production of Fry's translation of ANTOINE.

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—Wendy Hiller and Godfrey Tearle in a winner.

HARVEY—*Piccadilly*—Athens Seyler, Leslie Benson and the rabbit.



Nature in the Raw

(Detective Story)

Lieut. Monaghan—Mr. CHARLES FARRELL; Burglar—Mr. RONAN O'CASEY; Detective McLeod—Mr. DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY; Dr. Schneider—Mr. HARRY LANE; Joe Peniston—Mr. MICHAEL BALFOUR; Detective Brody—Mr. ARCHIE DUNCAN

THE LATEST THING IN ART

BY picking out a few artists it is all too easy to give the impression that their work represents the art of a country or its general line of development, when in fact it may do nothing of the sort. One group of artists is said to constitute "the new trend"; another is put up, with a different "new trend"; which is authentic (or if either of them is) remains a matter of doubt.

The "trend" in Paris at the present moment seems especially liable to these ingenuities of choice. A few years ago there was said to be a "return to reality." In 1946 M. Waldemar George, introducing an exhibition at the Anglo-French Art Centre in London, told us that "the art of Vincent Guignebert and Lagrange expresses the message of youth, a youth which discarded its path during the war. These two painters create a world filled with humanity . . . they are remaking contact with realities." After seeing their works and those of Pignon, Lorjou and some others you might reasonably conclude that, in a bleak sort of way, they bore out M. George's assertion.

Now comes M. Léon Degand, for whom 1946 is, in 1950, a dim and distant epoch. He introduces a different stable of young French artists (or Paris artists)—Bazaine, Hartung, Hérold, Pallut, Ubac, Adam, Bloc and Richier—in the Institute of Contemporary Art's London-Paris selection of "trends" recently on view at the New Burlington Galleries. He gives a revised estimate of the position—something between a report on the Stock Market and the analysis of a fever chart. "The panorama of painting in Paris suddenly changed, and with it the general atmosphere." "The domination of Picasso and Matisse weakened." "Expressive deformation lost its former eloquence." In consequence the previous message of youth has become antiquated. There is now a "triumph of abstraction," and this, as a flight from reality, is precisely opposite to the contact

with it heretofore four years ago; though the new youth is not, it may be noted, any younger than the old, and includes some well on in the forties.

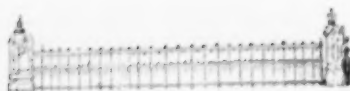
In these circumstances one may be excused for detecting in the works on view no trend at all in any positive sense. The choice has been desperately made among those who are searching about among the loose ends and left-over theories of the modern movement as it used to be. The work in itself has no exceptional merit in terms of its own convention. No master hand or original thought makes its presence felt. There is nothing to show that this particular group of artists is developing fresh values from the impressionist, surrealist and abstract devices which they have inherited. The British side of this Paris-London concurs—Bacon, Craxton, Freud, Isabel Lambert, Lanyon, Adams, Butler, McWilliam—does not suggest any clearer general direction in British art, and again is only a partial and

unusual view of it. Rather more varied and with more content than the French showing, it lacks equally a dominant talent. There is some penchant for the odd, the curious, as distinct from abstraction, exemplified in Mr. Butler's metal objects, which might come from some fantastic folk-museum, or, more singularly, in Mr. Bacon's scenes of vague and Wierz-like horror; but a work of art should be more than an object of curiosity.

There must, I think, be a further selection of candidates on both sides of the Channel before we can come to hopeful conclusions about the trend of art. The faults of the present confused period, however, are plain enough for all to see: inventiveness for the sake of being inventive, blind alley groping among the modern formulae; an absence of purpose. Perhaps the most original thing an artist of "modern" technique could do at the present juncture would be to take a subject no more unusual than a beautiful woman and paint her as well as he knew how—a procedure which has commended itself in the past to the most excellent masters, in France as in England.

W. GAUNT





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 27th

To-day Mr. STRACHEY, the War Minister, rejected what he called

"the doctrine of despair" that Great Britain

was militarily indefensible. This gave some comfort to the House as it voted away several hundred million pounds for the military defence of the country.

Earlier Mr. MAURICE WEBB had been in action, answering some forty questions on the subject of food, and very varied they were—drawing from the Minister a statement that he planned to make our diet more varied too. This was quite naturally received with cheers.

Tuesday, March 28th

Everybody had thought that to-day's debate in the Commons was to be but

little more than a fill-up—a discussion on

foreign affairs, just because there had not been one for a good many weeks. But, by an unexpected twist it turned out to be one of the most important (and certainly one of the best) debates that has taken place on any topic for many a long day.

Gone, almost miraculously, was the spirit of Party strife; the House became a Council of State as it discussed the perils of the present time, the dangers and possible horrors of the future.

A touch of personal drama was given to the whole scene by the fact that Mr. ERNEST BEVIN was not present when the debate began. Mr. CHURCHILL, with that ready generosity which both puzzles and charms his opponents, expressed the hope that he was not "in any way indisposed"—and then, twenty minutes later, Mr. BEVIN walked slowly in, clutching at the table as he made his way to his seat.

It was all too evident that Mr. BEVIN was, indeed, indisposed, and a note almost of tenderness crept

into Mr. CHURCHILL's voice as, cutting into his own theme, he spoke of the vast fund of personal friendship the Foreign Secretary had in all parts of the House. Mr. BEVIN nodded gratefully as a roar of agreement rose from the Tory benches.

Mr. CHURCHILL then proceeded to deliver an oration—it is the only fitting description—which old Parliamentary hands unhesitatingly classed as being among his best. Mr. EDEN, winding up the debate hours later, paid warm tribute to it



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Sir Waldron Smithers
(Orpington)

—"world statesmanship at its highest level"—and Mr. BEVIN, while not accepting its main plea, was also clearly moved by the speech.

Mr. CHURCHILL's contention was that in a world so beset with perils and troubles we could not afford to have Germany lying in the midst of Europe, bound and gagged, so to say, and unable to aid in the general resistance to aggression, from whatever quarter it might come. So his proposal was that Germany should be asked to play her full part in the defence of democracy, that by-gones should be allowed to be by-gones, and that an earnest attempt should be made to end the age-long feud between Gaul and Teuton.

It was (as the subject demanded) a grave and thoughtful speech, and it was delivered with an eloquence and earnestness that astonished

those new Members who had, hitherto, seen Mr. C. only in his more puckish, less statesmanlike, moods. The House was silent for a moment after he sat down, but then a great burst of admiring cheers came from all sides.

Mr. BEVIN took one sip of water, rose and spoke for three-quarters of an hour, surveying the world scene and dealing in considerable detail with many points raised in the six hours' discussion. The anxiety of Members on both sides of the House turned to cheering admiration of the Minister's grit. The speech, delivered in low tones, was one of the most cogent he had delivered at the Treasury Box. Then he walked slowly out, smiling wanly, to prepare for a gruelling journey to Strasbourg for an official meeting.

As he went Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY rose from the Government benches to complain that the Government had mishandled the case of Seretse Khama, the Bamangwato chief who married a white woman and was subsequently banned from his territories for five years. There was distress and determination (in equal proportions) in Mr. BROCKWAY's every word, and he earnestly pressed the Government to reverse the decision.

Mr. BOWEN, from the Liberal benches, followed the same line, and then Mr. QUINTIN HOOG, whose independence of thought ranks him as one of the best of "House of Commons men," weighed in with a severe criticism from the Tory benches.

As he sat down Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, jumped up and moved the closure. Angry yells of "Shame!" rose from the Government side, and when the division was taken it was noted that a number of normal supporters of the Government opposed the closure motion.

But it was carried—by 198 to 80—against an assortment of Tory, Liberal and Socialist M.P.s, and the debate came to an abrupt end.



"Really, Canute, you should have known better at your age."

Wednesday, March 29th

It seemed the most unlikely thing in the world—but the Govern-

ment suffered its first defeat today. A placid

debate on dirty coal in particular and fuel and power in general followed its somnolent course, in a House not insufferably crowded, when suddenly it became known that a division was to be taken on the formal motion for the adjournment, moved by Mr. WHITELEY.

When the rival forces had trooped through the voting lobbies it was observed that the Opposition Whips took up the position reserved for the winners. Result: For the Government, 257; against, 283.

Opposition Members, cheering loudly, sat waiting for a statement from the Government—but answer came there none, for the carrying of the adjournment motion meant

that the House had to adjourn at once. So the climax had to wait until to-morrow.

Elsewhere, their Lordships were having quite a jamboree on the subject of the activities of Communists in our public life.

LORD VANSITTART gave some blood-curdling details of the extent of the Red Peril and demanded "continuous and resolute precautions." The Lord Chancellor replied that it would be a pity if anyone got the impression that the country was riddled with Communists, whereas, in fact, we were more free from them than any country in the world. A watchful and intelligent public opinion did the work done in other lands by a Gestapo or its equivalent, and did it more humanely and effectively.

However, LORD VANSITTART's demand was accepted, so presumably something new is to be done.

Thursday, March 30th

Party leaders were popular people to-day if one could judge by the roars of cheers with which they were greeted.

MR. CHURCHILL got one when he rose to ask what was the Government's view on the "Parliamentary occurrence" of last night, and Mr. ATTLEE got a rather defiant one when he rose to reply. His statement was in bantering vein, and he made it clear that a defeat of this sort would certainly not overturn the Government. At this there was a general cheer (which seemed to have a ring of relief in it) from the Government benches. The Government, said Mr. ATTLEE firmly, would carry on.

MR. CHURCHILL congratulated the Prime Minister and thanked him most cordially for the depth of his researches into relevant precedent.



"It's a wonderful herb for curing rheumatism, but it's playing Old Harry with my lumbago."

DRESSING THE PART

THE head of the Information Department of the Ministry for Quadrilateral Affairs pressed the tips of his long fingers together; I wrapped my left leg as far as it would go round my right and tried to tear a strip off my handkerchief. I was relieved to see that what I had at first thought were horns was, in fact, the way he brushed his hair.

"You say here," and his glittering eyes dropped for a second to my private life in triplicate lying in front of him, "that you wish to become a spokesman for the Ministry. You can speak, of course?"

"Well . . ." I began.

"How would you dress yourself? I mean, you are not addicted to wearing yellow knitted waistcoats, I hope. Our Mr. Mandrill, who handles Overall Deficits, once wore one. But we all have our little eccentricities, and Mandrill is a confirmed button-twister."

"I don't think . . ." I ventured.

"On that particular day Mandrill had to say something on Overall Deficits. He rose, fished around for something within reach to twiddle, and his questing fingers alighted gratefully on a loose thread in his

knitted waistcoat. His syllables began to flow, and the thread in his waistcoat began to run out smoothly and soundlessly. I remember that he was in form, and his statement cleared up the Deficits, swung glibly to the Balance of Payments and reached what I might call a breathless climax among the issues of dollar balances. He was heard out in a silence which, had he not been a little drunk with his subject, he might have recalled was a little unusual. I must warn you that we are seldom allowed to make a statement—even on Overall Deficits—without being pulled up, side-tracked, and even contradicted. However, the Press, fascinated by the drama literally unfolding before its eyes, waited until Mandrill should pick himself to pieces or surround himself, larva-like, in a gleaming yellow cocoon. But we managed to hustle him from the room before he actually laid himself bare.

"Never," went on the head—"never wear detachable cuffs. You may well smile"—although I hadn't—"but they are not so much out of fashion as some suppose. The spokesman on Patagonia is fond of

pointing suddenly and dramatically to a corner of the room to emphasize a point when he is speaking, and is much given to measuring imaginary large-sized fish. I can remember his graphic pantomime description of a reported change of government in Patagonia when we could almost hear the Iron Curtain clanging. One cuff was found high up on a cupboard afterwards. The other had simply disappeared.

"Most of us here wear socks. But you must not think that we regard them merely as necessary fillings of the gap between trouser-end and shoe. A spokesman wearing socks of an unusual pattern, and standing with one foot on a chair, can usually attract enough diplomatic correspondents round him to make it worth while talking. Friendly rivalry among us, I need hardly say, is very keen; and we can tell pretty well by the space given in the more thoughtful dailies to each spokesman just what style of socks McAssar, say, was wearing the day before. I mention McAssar because some of us feel that he has an unfair advantage, since his wife is a particularly fast knitter and does interior decoration as well."

The head rolled up my dossier.

"By the way," he wound up, "you carry an umbrella I hope?"

"A lot depends on the weather," I said, cautiously.

"Well, we are rather short of umbrellas in the department, and as we have to play Inland Waterways at corridor cricket next week, perhaps . . . ?"

UNBEETON MENUS

Salsify

I only know one rhyme to salsify
And even that I've had to falsify.

Red Wine

With fish, which always is served
first,

White wine may slake the urgent
thirst.

Red wine, however, we postpone—
The nearer the sweet, the meeter
the Beaune.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

BOOKING OFFICE

Some Varieties of Criticism

THE radio scripts reprinted in *Three Tales of Hamlet* obliquely illuminate the play, though their primary purpose is intelligent entertainment. In "The Hawk and the Hand-saw" Mr. Michael Innes ingeniously submits the Prince to an Elizabethan psychoanalyst, using a comic idea to raise the question of the Ghost's objective existence. In his second contribution he applies the methods of the detective novel to expose the sinister implications of Fortinbras's removal of the bodies; but beneath the neat fooling is a reminder that among its other virtues "Hamlet" has a good plot. The last script is Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's "The Fool's Saga," which is based on the earliest versions of the story and describes Hamlet's visit to Scotland at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Strange shapes loom through the mists and, though it is rather confusing to read, it has an exciting flavour. The Hamlet legend existed long before Shakespeare used it, and in its earliest form it was remote, heroic and very northern.

Another valuable indirect approach to a book is a really good biography of the writer, like Mr. Francis Steegmuller's *Maupassant*. This is based on original research and is lightly and firmly written. It is relevantly entertaining and explains the psychological reasons for Maupassant's obsession with the humiliations of husbands, without explaining his genius away. The disciple drudging away under Flaubert's rigorous training, the country boy who remained rooted in Normandy and the rascally clerk with his love of rowing on the Seine do not strain the reader's credulity when they become the successful and prolific writer whose tales, as Mr. Steegmuller shows, emerge from their author's life. He might have devoted a final chapter to discussing Maupassant's work as a whole.

Both these books increase appreciation and their effect is healthy and positive. Mr. D. S. Savage's *The Withered Branch* takes an easier path; he chooses six novelists, most of them born towards the end of the nineteenth century, and "exposes" them. His criticisms are often acute and his sincerity and intelligence make him worth reading; but his attacks are exaggerated and the standards by which his victims are judged are left vague. Mr. Savage's thesis is that "a great novel can be brought into being only as the outcome of a primary act of apprehension of truth." Mr. Savage wisely does not mention a single writer who satisfies his conditions, and he seems to use the term "truth" to mean his own personal opinions, which are nowhere clearly expressed but appear to be vaguely religious and opposed to capitalism, liberalism and totalitarianism.

Mr. Savage is fortunate in lacking any historical sense, so he can reprove Mr. Forster for supporting cultural values which are the product of economic parasitism and are divorced from religion, instead of

seeing him as a development from Hardy. Virginia Woolf apparently found meaning in everything, therefore in nothing. Miss Margiad Evans is an example of the Nature Cult at its most sterile. Mr. Huxley was moved first by frustration and disgust and later by a diffused and invalid religiosity. Mr. Hemingway is the eternal adolescent, and Joyce was an unbeliever whose unbelief eventually made him completely inarticulate—though not so inarticulate that Mr. Savage cannot detect the doctrinal errors of "Finnegan's Wake."

Of course, the writers of a generation ago reflected the assumptions of their time, and of course those assumptions, like those of any time, can easily be shown to be false. Milton's theology and Homer's cosmology are just as much open to disproof as the intellectual foundations, if any, of the novels Mr. Savage rips to bits. "Paradise Lost" and "The Iliad" have lasted because they belong to the aesthetic, not the political or philosophical order; and if Mr. Savage does not believe in the existence of an aesthetic order it is difficult to see why he wastes time on literature at all.

R. G. G. PRICE

Frustrated Destinies

Though he had started his long series of novels, "L'Histoire d'une Société," before Marcel Proust was writing his own cycle M. René Béhaine's work has always remained in the shadows. The present volume, *Day of Glory* (the third to be translated), continues to portray the private lives of Michel and his wife Catherine and their small son; it is a dark story of a solitary and unappreciated writer's struggles with the frustration which springs from his work and his emotional relationships. M. Béhaine knows the small



French bourgeois, who is imprisoned in a petty world of calculation, prescribed ritual and malice, extremely well, and he shows him without pity. The best scenes which illuminate the otherwise grey screen with flashes of vivid light—Michel interviewing his crafty publishers or the sardonic scene where an elderly relative dies surrounded by her heirs—establish M. Béhaine as a sound novelist. But occasionally these vivid moments are alternated with long passages of analysis and moral reflections on life in general which tend to cloud what otherwise is a fascinating study of French bourgeois life. Apart from this flaw M. Béhaine's *Day of Glory* is valuable and very well worth reading.

B. K.

One Dark Day

The true hero of Mr. Eric Burgess's novel, *The Malice of Monday*, is an old-fashioned, nearly bankrupt chain of stores built up on a tradition of friendliness with its customers and now having its throat cut by a slick, chromium-plated competitor. Its head office in London, turned upside down by a ruthless new managing director, is the scene, on a single day between the wars; and for a number of people who work there this proves to be one of those days when the wheel spins malignly. It starts with hope and ends with murder, and its tension mounts on a rising scale of frustration and bitterness as the little things that affect destinies click irrevocably into place. Mr. Burgess has written not a crime story in the ordinary sense but a series of interlocking studies of character under pressure. His book rather suffers from frequent switches of interest, but its people are real and one is persuaded that Mondays like this could happen.

E. O. D. K.



"Darling, what do you think? Our M.P. replies that my letter will receive careful consideration."

As Between Friends

In *Quaker Social History, 1669-1738* Dr. Arnold Lloyd covers the critical period when scattered groups of like-thinking Christians were gradually shaping themselves under hard persecution into the stable communion that has endured for centuries. The writer tends to minimize the work of autocratic George Fox as pioneer organizer, considering that the dominant factor was the influence of the well-ordered Meeting for Sufferings, a body which, whether it was collecting funds to ransom victims from the Barbary pirates or briefing counsel to resist illegal taxation, acted as a vigilance committee with gradually widening executive powers. This painstaking study, though seldom departing from the austerities of sectarian history, has a wider interest as a commentary on the old conflict between freedom and authority and some particular relevance to-day in its presentation of the idea of using the "sense of the meeting" as an alternative to numerical voting. Incidentally, it dispels the notion that the old Quakers hated bright colours.

C. C. P.

"Not a War Hero"

From Aeneas onward the man who returns from the black gates of Dis has always been sure of an audience—it worried Tennyson that no one thought of interviewing Lazarus. Mr. Bentz Plagemann was equipped before he went down with infantile paralysis with every gift that makes the record of his recovery valuable. A Senior Pharmacist in the American Navy, he was deeply concerned for the men who, in compliance with war's grimier conventions, "had automatically reduced themselves to the lowest common denominator." His own spiritual fires had also been smothered down, but they flared up when he received the Last Sacrament at Naples. He was flown home—and he recovered. A rare economy of emotion and words lends *My Place to Stand* distinction. Described as "the biography of an illness," it is rather a human picture gallery, with the fight against poliomyelitis as its main concern.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- Three Tales of Hamlet*. Rayner Hoppenstall and Michael Innes. (Gollancz, 10/6).
Maupassant. Francis Steegmuller. (Collins, 12/6).
The Withered Branch. D. S. Savage. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6).
Day of Glory. René Béhaine. (Allen and Unwin, 10/6).
The Malice of Monday. Eric Burgess. (Michael Joseph, 9/6).
Quaker Social History, 1669-1738. Arnold Lloyd. (Longmans, 21/-).
My Place to Stand. Bentz Plagemann. (Gollancz, 10/6).

Other Recommended Books

The Yellow Wagtail. Stuart Smith. *The Redstart*. John Buxton. (Collins, 12/6 each) The first two "New Naturalist Monographs" on particular birds. Handsomely produced volumes with many photographs, drawings and diagrams, some in colour; each by a dedicated authority. Packed with information entertainingly presented.

Shrouded Death. H. C. Bailey. (Macdonald, 8/6) Mr. Bailey's second-string investigator, the smartly Joshua Clunk, helps to solve a multiple murder case in a puzzle as neatly contrived and as remote from real life as a Ximenos crossword.

THE INCREDIBLE CAKE

LOVE (said the shepherd) is a matter of much debate and has been since human beings considered themselves, instead of taking themselves for granted like the beasts of the field, who after all have much to recommend them. Love is a thing considerably sought after and the subject of works of art and similar cogitation. Tremendous are the tales one reads of by way of ambitions and maltreatments and general mortification of flesh and the conscience. But there are qualities of behaviour that are significant without being matter for rhyme or resonance of comment and such as no hard or other figure of literature would know what to do with. And one such illustration you may find in the incredible cake of Megan Tan-Rhiw.

Williams Tan-Rhiw was farmer ten miles from anywhere and on the side of a hill with no top that could be seen from the bottom nor bottom to be seen from the top. A lonely man with no companionship but cattle, and he with the eyes of unfavourable reflection and countenance of disapproval that such cattle have: with no more words than they but perhaps a few more whiskers and the rest of him bent and with unamenable edges like a thorn-bush.

No figure for affection was he, neither did he invite it. Yet having the inspiration to be married late in his life, he inquired for such custom as might be, with as much precaution and weighing of the evidence as he would give to the purchasing of a black bull.

Why he did wish to marry is unexplained, but wife he would have; and among the necessities attaching to the request was that she should be a cook.

Now below in the village lived Megan, well on in age herself and with never inclination to be wed so far as outward sign could show. Nor had she set eyes on old Williams, nor he on her, since to different chapels they belonged. Neither had they other means of communication available to them.

But Williams letting it be known he would marry and friends and



"Continue with the bending exercises, go easy on the starches and get yourself a nice suit with well-defined vertical stripes."

relations intervening as they do, he and Megan got to encountering. He was a substantial man and she available; nor did he raise question of any suitor he might have except the one thing—could she cook?

So one day to cousins of Megan he went, and she there with a cake of her cooking on the table. It was one she had contrived by secret preparations of her own, and a surprise to everyone it was, Megan being no

notable woman for sociability. For a competition, she said, she had prepared it; and a noble thing it was. Under a glass case and colourful with every imaginable decoration of fruit and coronation of icing such as never before or after smote the eye of man.

It may be matter of doubt whether Williams married Megan or Megan's cake. Maybe he married both, since the cake under its glass

case went up the mountain to Tan-Rhiw. And there on Williams' kitchen table it stood whenever, as occurred from time to time, company they had. It was understood to be a show-piece and a wonder of the world. Three or four, maybe, either too young to be abashed or too unmannered to be counted worthy of the name of men, would now and then ask for a slice. But reproved they were with silence and the turning of the head. For years the cake was brought out and put away as a monument for marvel; and grew to be a legend and a lengthening for the tongue.

Then Megan died as women sometimes do, weighed with years; and Williams was left alone with the cake.

There was no more company and he went back to his solitariness and unspunkiness. Not that when Megan was with him had he been

less solitary or silent than before. But now, without emotion or tears, his contemplations took the colour of having nothing to look at.

So at last he lay in his bed. And some cousins from a distance but with expectations stood around him, for these were his last days.

"Bring me the cake," said he. And he looked at it under its case. "I will eat of her cake," he said, "before I go. It is in my mind that she would not like me to meet her without having tasted it."

The glass case was off and the knife was in his hand and he put it to the cake. And they that stood around said nothing, neither did old Williams, but the air was heavy with disaster.

For the cake was a sort of cardboard and hollow and dry as rotted wood; and its fruit was painted and the icing a deception. Bought from some shut-down shop in town that had used it for advertisement, no less than Megan herself.

After a moment that was long, old Williams put out his hand and ate. He ate the slice he had cut, with his eyes on all of them, and they not daring to expostulate.

It was finished and so was he. He lay back and moved his hand to brush the bits from the bed-cover, with his eyes of unfavourable contemplation upon them.

"It was a cake," he said; and with that he went to meet Megan.

So that both he and she were together in the iniquity of maintaining a reputation by misrepresenting and passing-off and were maybe destined for the same place. Yet I doubt whether the place would matter so long as they were together and they could represent it to each other for whatever they chose.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

BACK-ROOM JOYS

Wearing Riding Breeches

NOT least amongst our moral riches

Is that of wearing riding breeches; Nor does it take its source from pride

In adumbrating that you ride—

A feeling promptly curbed as you Recall what happens when you do. No, it's their gripping confirmation Of your essential bifurcation,

The close assurance that they breed That anyhow you're not weak-kneed,

The corded stiffness of the stuff That makes you feel alert and tough. And, further, when your hands are placed

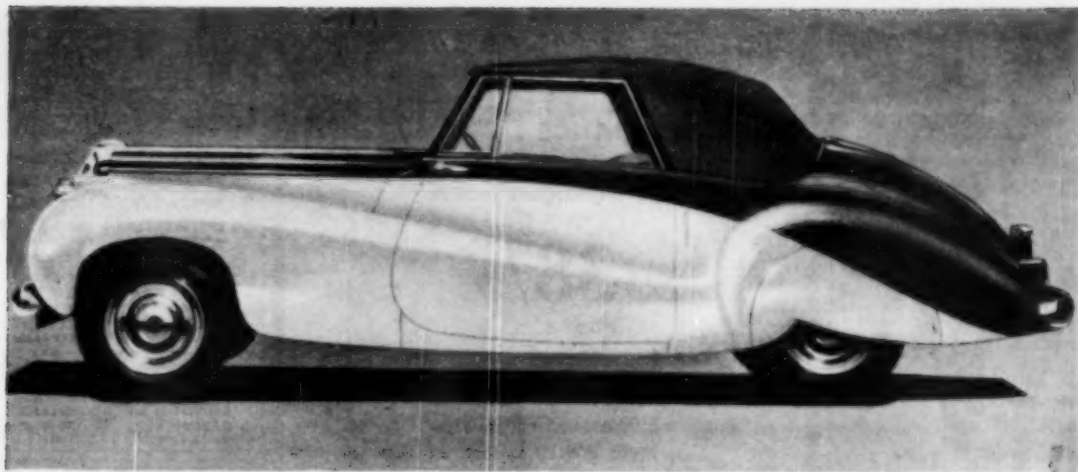
Deep down the pockets at the waist It lifts the shoulders squarely higher; With elbows spread, and back to fire You're open-air and virile—which is The joy of wearing riding breeches.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



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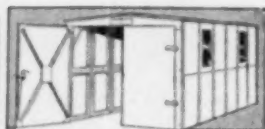
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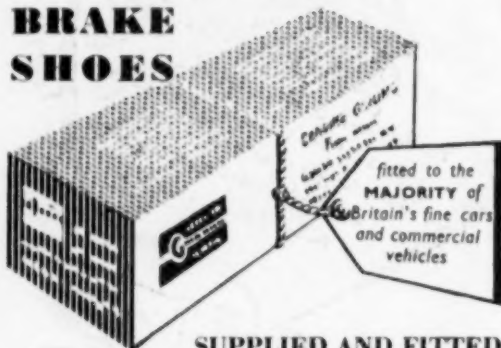
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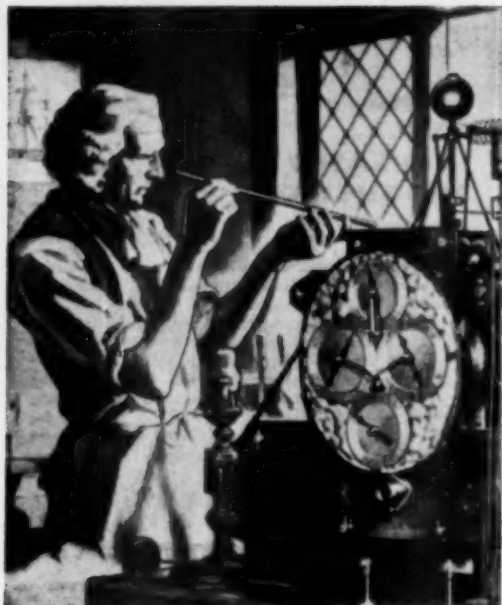
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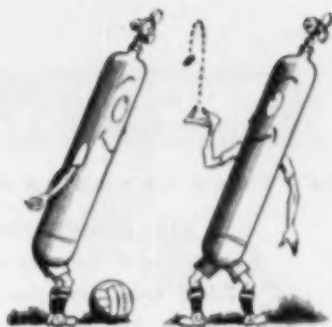
UNTIL the 18th century, sailors could not calculate their position at sea with certainty, since they had no timepiece sufficiently accurate to enable them to fix longitude exactly. John Harrison — a Yorkshire carpenter who had never been to sea — set himself to wrestle with the problem. He produced his first model in 1736, and experimented for 25 more years, producing models smaller in size each time, till, in 1761, he produced a chronometer five inches in diameter. When Captain Cook sailed to the South Seas in 1771, he took with him a chronometer made on John Harrison's principles. Thus British vessels received their first satisfactory marine chronometer — an important contribution to the growth of British sea-power.

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When you get down to this question of increased productivity it's amazing what you can achieve. For instance, although it's at the tail-end of your production line, take a look at your packaging. In our experience as the leading suppliers of multi-wall sacks to British industry, there are few packaging plants which cannot be made more productive. We offer a complete packaging service and willingly we will advise on every aspect of your packaging arrangements—layout, handling, conveying, weighing, filling and the best form of pack for your product. This service, of which many of the largest firms in the Kingdom have availed themselves, is yours for the asking.

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PACKAGING SERVICE



MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LIMITED
Larkfield, Nr. Maidstone, Kent

Taking the shock

You will agree, madam, that even breaking it gently doesn't exactly improve your precious porcelain... that is why engineers and manufacturers prefer TUFNOL for insulators—it is not brittle and withstands impact.



A dozen or more insulators on a quay side railway were smashed every time a train lurched against the 'live' rail. Now Tufnol is used, only rarely is even a single insulator damaged.

This is only one example of how Tufnol has overcome a difficulty. It is used in many ways by engineers in every industry. Can Tufnol improve your products or plant?

TUFNOL

REGISTERED TRADE MARK
AS FUSION PRODUCT
Light in weight... Easy to machine...
Acid resisting... Electrical insulator...
Made in sheets, tubes and rods.

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207A

You may think this is carrying the National
Health service too far but it takes all sorts to make a world and
the result is that Accles & Pollock have been asked to provide very fine
hypodermic stainless steel tubes to be used for

injecting flies though

why anybody should want to
inject flies when it's so much easier to
invite them into the nearest parlour
is just one of those things
Accles & Pollock have an almost
impossible name so it's only natural
they should be asked to do almost
impossible things with
tubes because there are no flies

on Accles & Pollock they did the
job just as they always do and
now all the other people have to do is to
catch the flies.



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BY RAIL, ROAD, SEA AND AIR

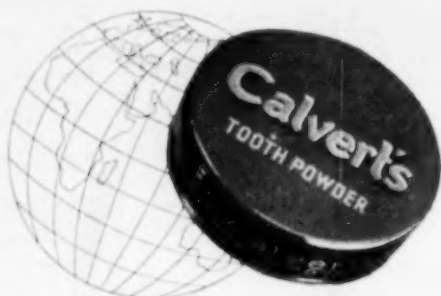
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TABLETS

prevent Travel Sickness

THE MODERN METHOD

1/6 (including tax) in handy tubes. A "Gimotom" Product



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One of the friendly links with home for many thousands living overseas is the familiar tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder—on sale to-day in almost every country of the world.

For four generations users agree that Calvert's does its job of cleaning supremely well, and very pleasantly too, thanks to a unique flavour. Have you ever tried Calvert's Tooth Powder? You should, and let your teeth show the difference.

Calvert's TOOTH
Powder



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the **FUTURE**
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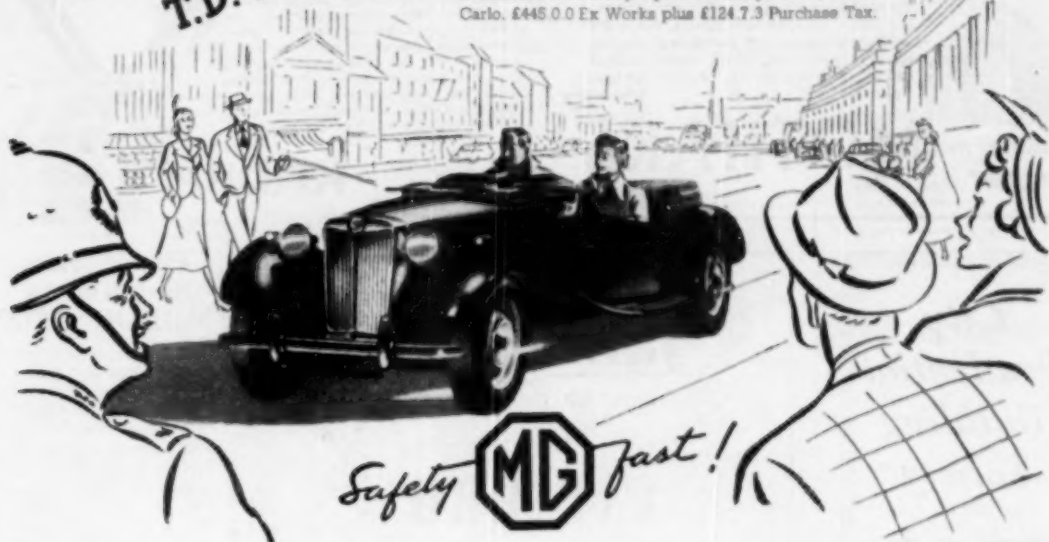
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colours are absolutely fast
to repeated washings.

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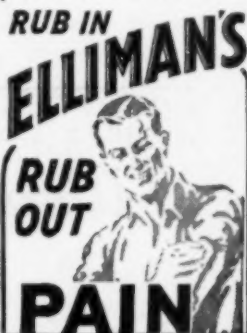
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(quoted from an actual report)

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Herbert Barker

SIR HERBERT BARKER has been acknowledged the greatest expert in manipulative surgery in any age. Early in his career he satisfied himself that most cases of foot deformation were caused by ill-fitting shoes. That is why he designed these shoes for himself, and was afterwards persuaded by the

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN — MAKE LIFE'S WORK EASIER

NORVIC SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, NORTHAMPTON



HONOURABLE WOUND

We went through the war together, but it was rapping for order at the Village Hall last night that proved the last straw! Never mind, a briar splice will soon put things right; we're good for many ounces of even, slow-burning Three Nuns yet . . . and that reminds me, might I have my pouch back? I've a second string ready in my pocket . . .

Three Nuns

"His voice
gave
him away"



It was cold and desolate as he stood at the street corner of a Midland town, and his own prospects seemed equally miserable. But it was to be different this night, for a friendly policeman directed him to the Salvation Army. Despite his shabbiness he seemed to have known better times, and it was found that he had been a hospital specialist. Disappointed in a hasty

marriage, for three years he had roamed the country, degenerating in body, mind and spirit. In our care he found simple employment, recovered his self-respect, and before long was able to resume his work for humanity.

We have dealt with other cases like this—cases that fall outside the scope of State social services. To keep a man for a month under our care costs £10. More funds are badly needed; will you help us—by donation or legacy—to find them? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

The
Salvation Army

101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4



HIGHER EDUCATION

"Hawkins—news reaches us from the academic world. My good friend Jammy is descending upon us."

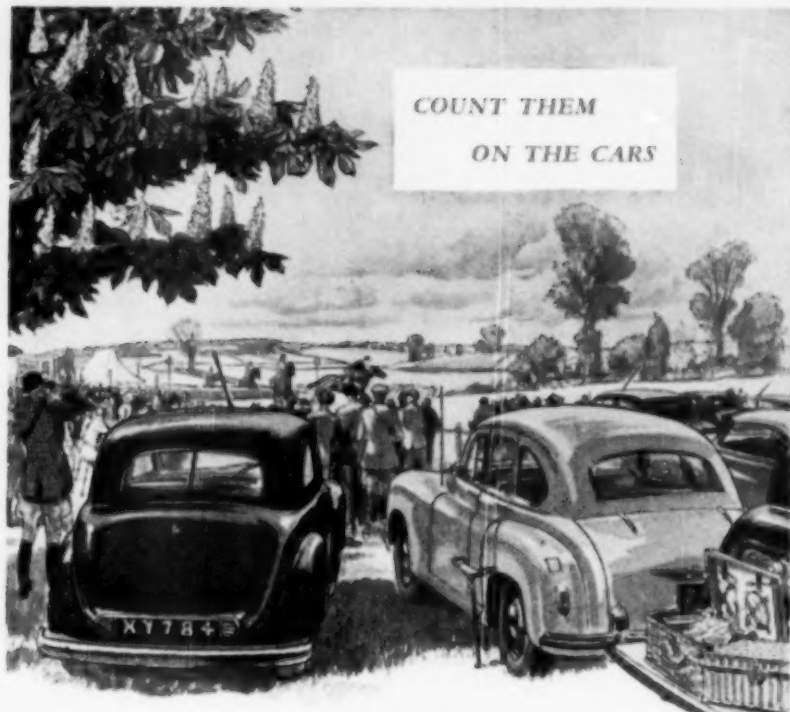
"Who, sir, might Mr. Jammy be?"

"Old Jamieson, my late history master. From the moment I told him that Napoleon was my father's best brandy, he warned to me."

"I fancy, sir, that Mr. Jamieson's visit will not be entirely devoted to scholastic matters."

"On the contrary, Hawkins. I am determined to complete his education. The title of my thesis will be 'Rose's Lime Juice and its Relation to Man's Well-being.' So in the interests of historical research, what about a large gin and Rose's now?"

ROSE'S—for Gin and Lime



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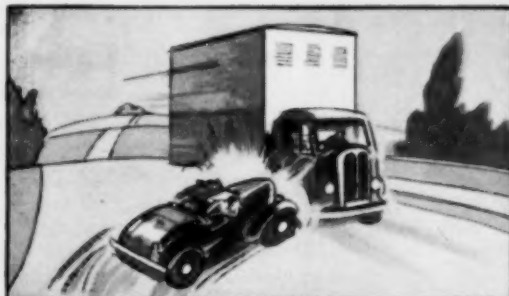


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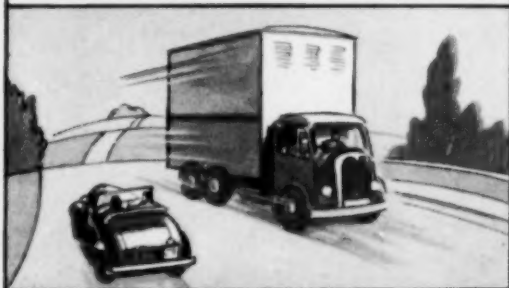
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NOW—SURE PROTECTION AGAINST TYRE-BURST DISASTER

**Amazing LIFEGUARD Safety Tube
Makes Bursts Harmless as a Slow Leak**



**WITH NORMAL TYRES A SUDDEN
BURST MAY LEAD TO DISASTER!**



**WITH GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS
A SUDDEN BURST LEADS TO A
STRAIGHT CONTROLLED STOP!**

Tyre bursts come like a bolt from the blue. Without warning. There's a loud report, and your car is wrenched from your grasp and flung clean off the road, perhaps headlong into oncoming traffic. The results are often tragic.

That is the old story. Now, with the arrival on the market of Goodyear's revolutionary new Lifeguard Safety Tube, tyre bursts become as harmless as a slow leak. This strongly built twin-chamber inner tube outlasts as many as three normal tubes. It is an economical and very practical life insurance. It will bring new peace of mind to every motorist, especially the family-man.

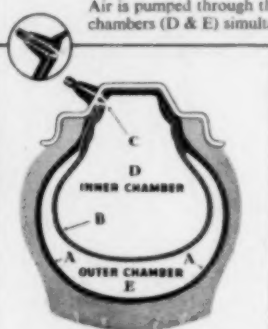
HOW THE LIFEGUARD WORKS

The Lifeguard consists of a normal rubber outerwall (A), a strong 2-ply inner tyre (B), and a patented 2-way valve (C).

Air is pumped through the valve, and inflates the inner and outer chambers (D & E) simultaneously. The 2-way valve also acts as a

pressure equaliser vent, through which air can pass between the two chambers. Because pressure is equal in chambers D & E, the free-floating inner tyre bounces clean away from any sharp object that pierces through to it. This inner tyre *cannot* be punctured.

As a result, when the tyre cover and outer wall of the tube give way or explode, the weight on that wheel is carried by the inner tyre, inside which 60% of the air is safely trapped. Axle drop is so slight that there is no instability, and no dangerous swerve. You simply bring the car to a gradual, straight stop, in complete safety.



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